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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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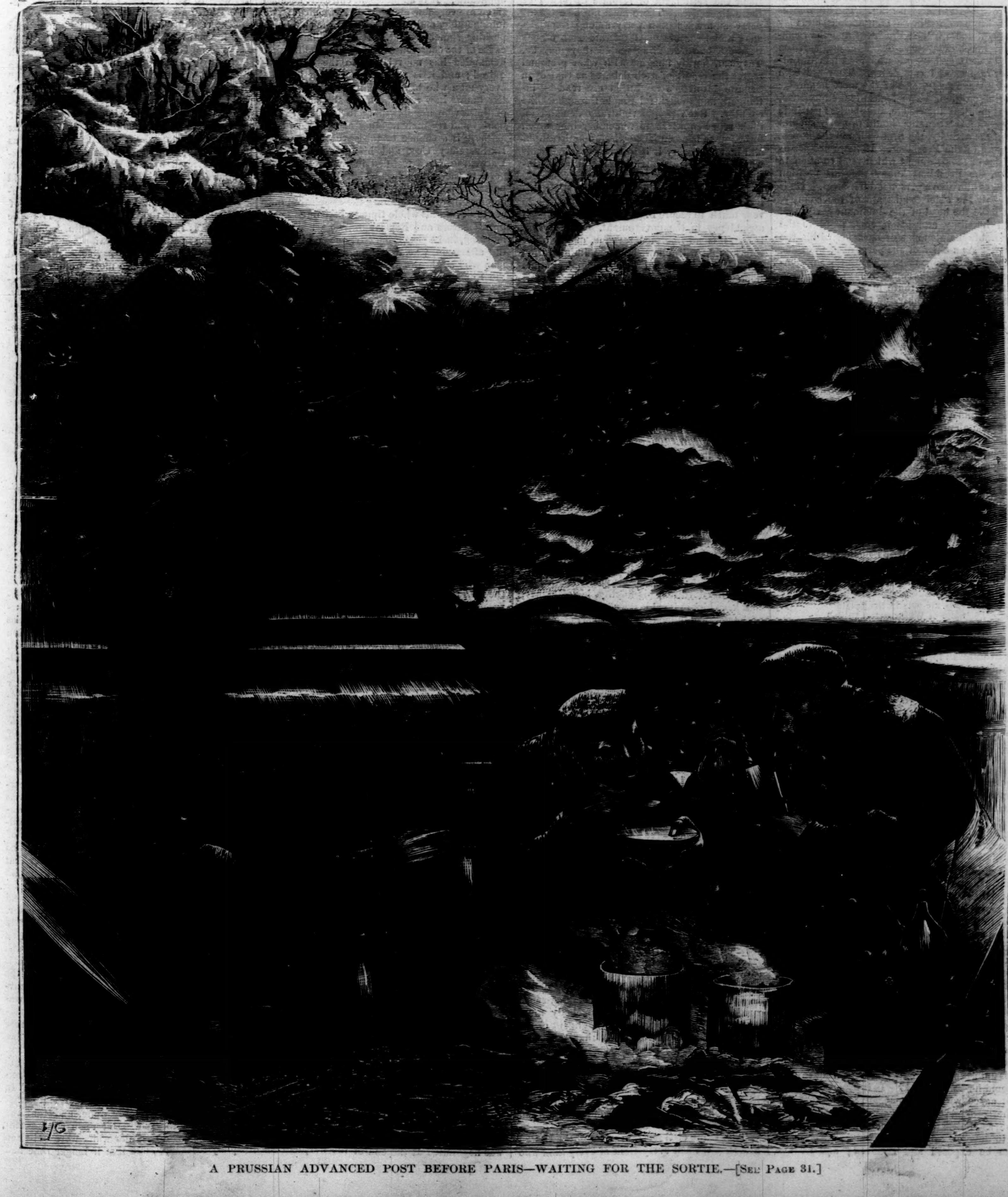


A PRUSSIAN ADVANCED POST BEFORE PARIS—WAITING FOR THE SORTIE.—[See Page 31.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, January 14, 1871.

☞ *In the Splendid* EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT *sent out with this Number of the* Weekly *the reader will find the Second Chapter of* Dr. Hayes's *interesting reminiscences of* Arctic Travel and Adventure, *with illustrations of "Hunting Bears by Steam," "Shooting Bears on the Ice," etc.*; "The Rehearsal," *a full-page drawing, by* W. L. Sheppard; "A Target Company Returning from an Excursion," *a capital sketch by* C. G. Bush; *and the usual large variety of entertaining literary matter.*

THE PRESIDENT AND SENATOR SUMNER.

We learn with great pleasure that the report of a threat uttered by General Babcock against Senator Sumner is wholly unfounded. Had it been true, we have no doubt that the President would have promptly shown his disapprobation, because, whatever differences there may be between the President and the Senator, General Grant would not countenance a gross insult to Mr. Sumner. The differences between them are, however, notorious, and they are deplorable. The President and the Senator are both men whose character and services to the country have secured for them the utmost respect and confidence. They are both of the same party, and of the most honorable official position. The legislative experience, great political knowledge, and spotless patriotic fidelity of the Senator should properly supplement the sagacity, the firm will, and the honest purpose of the President. If there are peculiarities of temperament which tend to alienate them, the President knows that his position elevates him above personal differences. He is not only the chief magistrate of the country, but he is the head of the dominant party, and both his duty and his interest point to the honorable maintenance of harmony within the party. As a chief of the party also, the same obligation rests upon Senator Sumner; not, indeed, to renounce his convictions of public duty, but to differ, when there must be difference, generously and frankly, and with a constant aim at friendly understanding.

It is evident that both the President and the Senator forgot this duty in the late San Domingo debate. The President is silent and tenacious; the Senator is imperious. Perhaps the President—a man of military training and habit, accustomed to act decisively upon his own judgment—is somewhat unjust to what may seem to him a visionary and impracticable view of public affairs; while the Senator, versed in political history and law, a man of remarkable accomplishment, is a little impatient of contradiction from what may seem to him imperfect knowledge. It is probably not to be denied that the learned Senator—one of the purest and simplest of men—is yet not of a conciliatory temper. He does not propitiate his fellow Senators when they differ. His convictions are so absolute that he is somewhat intolerant of opposition; and with all his noble qualities he has not that minor grace of tact, which, indeed, may often seem to be weakness, but which still, as the poet says,

> "Gets the vote in the Senate
> Spite of Webster and Clay."

In the late difference there was too much bitterness upon both sides. The mistake of Senator Sumner in insinuating that General Grant could by any possibility resemble Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan, and Andrew Johnson was matched by the warnings of the President's advocates upon the floor that the Senator should beware of the fate of Messrs. Doolittle and Dixon. Yet that very warning should have shown the Senator that he had gone much too far. For it is just as probable that he will follow Mr. Doolittle as that the President will follow Andrew Johnson. We sympathize with the Senator's opposition to the San Domingo scheme; but none of us who oppose it sympathize in the least with the suggestion that the President, in any dishonorable sense, has intrigued, or menaced, or trampled on the weak and humble, to secure the acquisition of the island or of Dominica. The President believes that the honorable possession of part of the island, or of the whole of it, would be most advantageous, if it be not indispensable, to the United States. He therefore urges the acquisition with the utmost earnestness. But if, as the Senator intimates, his earnestness extends to a prostitution of his powers for the most nefarious purposes—namely, the armed intimidation of weak and humble friends of this country, to coerce them to his will—is it not the Senator's duty to take steps to bring the President to trial for high misdemeanors?

On the other hand, we differ from those who insist that Mr. Sumner should be displaced from the Committee on Foreign Relations because of this unfortunate difference. Upon what ground should he be removed? Is it because he does not agree with the President? Is there any other ground? If Mr. Sumner uses his position, as chairman of that committee, improperly to delay or to thwart the public business, let him be exposed and removed; and no one would say so more swiftly than he. But to demand that the chairman of the Foreign Committee be removed because upon a certain point of foreign policy he individually differs from the President's opinion is folly. And it is equally foolish to say that the President can not communicate with a Senator who has made such charges against him. The Senator says that in his judgment the President has threatened Hayti. The President knows that he has not. If the Senator declines to communicate with a President who, as he thinks, has usurped power, very well; but the President is certainly not bound by any mistaken views of the Senator. Again, if a majority of the Foreign Committee is in general hostile to the Administration, the committee ought, undoubtedly, to be reconstructed, upon the principle that all committees of Congress should be friendly to the Administration of the party of the majority, which is a very different thing from asserting that every chairman is to agree with every Executive proposition.

We hope sincerely that the recess will have shown Senators that the public welfare and the success of the Republican party demand of them the settlement or resolute disregard of these differences. There must not be a Grant party and a Sumner party among Republicans; and Senators must tolerate each other's manners, however disagreeable they may be. They can hardly imagine with what profound regret the report of such debates as that upon Senator Morton's resolution are read by intelligent and thoughtful people throughout the country. Such people rightfully demand of their representatives to remember how much forbearance is essential to wise administration, and how necessary it is to criticise our friends without offensive haughtiness and acrid insinuation. We beg our friends in Congress to believe, what is universally felt in the country, that their action during this winter will do very much to secure or to imperil Republican ascendency in the government. And if that is lost, it is no reformed revenue, or any other reform, that will follow, but the administration of a party which includes every enemy of equal liberty and of American institutions.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE NEW YEAR.

If with the beginning of the new year every honest and capable citizen would resolve, and keep his resolution, that he would not seek nor accept an office in the civil service of the United States, he would be an infinitely happier man; and he would have done all that he personally could to secure a reform which is most imperatively demanded. There are young, honest, industrious men, who might thrive in any business, who are strong, active, willing, yet who are beginning the year in actual want, in the most tragical uncertainty, in a half despair, and all for the chance of an appointment to some government position, upon the hope of which they have been dangling for many and many a weary month. Yet if any one of them should get his appointment to-morrow morning, he could not be sure that he would not lose it to-morrow night. It is not his character, his capacity, his devotion, his fidelity, his efficiency, that keep him in it: it is the comparative weight of the political influence of somebody else. And such is the wretchedness of the system that the appointing power is no less a victim. A pressure suddenly comes upon it which is of a wholly factitious force; but to those trained in the miserable mill it seems actually resistless, and it sweeps out honesty and fidelity into want and despair.

It is extraordinary that self-respecting men continue to enter the civil service of the United States. For instance, here is a young man of excellent character, of habits of industry, of good executive faculty, and quick at figures, who is appointed to a clerkship upon the request of a gentleman of political influence, as the phrase is. The young man's yearly salary is, perhaps, fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars, and he ventures to get married. He knows what the system is; that if his party goes out he goes out with it, just as a family may be growing up around him; and he knows also that he may go out when a place must be made for another young man more strongly recommended. But he is young, and he defies fortune. In a few months the catastrophe happens. Many gentlemen of great political influence insist that somebody else shall be appointed to a clerkship. The department, whatever it is, has been carefully weeded. There are only political friends at all the desks. What is to be done? In such a ridiculous emergency common-sense suggests the removal—since somebody must go—of the most incapable and negligent clerk. But it unfortunately happens that that very gentleman has the strongest party "backing." And therefore, by a proper deference to the genius of the system, the register is searched for the name of the clerk who has the least political backing, which happens to be our newly married friend, and he is peremptorily turned into the street.

That is the civil service system of the United States. We ask every clerk of every kind who reads these words to reflect what would probably be the result if he and his associates held their places upon such terms as these? If honesty, fidelity, and efficiency were unable to secure them their positions, and they might be turned out to-morrow, would they not lose their self-respect, and fall to making hay while the sun shone? And if any mercantile house should be organized in such a way, would it not be very sure that if all the clerks did not steal at every opportunity, it was not because the system did not invite thieving? Yet the probability is that the poor fellow turned suddenly into the street with wife and child, and with nothing to buy bread for them but the lean savings of his scant salary, would instantly try to procure political influence enough to be put back again into the wretched mill, from which he would be ground out again next week.

The reason that honorable and intelligent men in this country avoid politics—a fact which was observed by De Tocqueville forty years ago, and by Thomas Hughes two months ago—is chiefly that politics consists largely in an incessant and humiliating entreaty of the appointing power to provide places for hosts of applicants. It is an incessant entreaty, because there are very few places and the applicants are innumerable, and there is always the chance of pushing somebody out. It is humiliating, because of the consciousness that the qualification demanded has no relation to the duties required; and it is painfully harassing because every man who has any thing to do with politics knows how real and acute the suffering is of those who are unwilling to break up their homes and try their fortunes elsewhere so long as there is a chance of the government place. Ex-Secretary Cox and his predecessor, Mr. Browning, have testified in their official reports to the serious loss which this system imposes, in many ways, upon the country; and among others, by requiring the appointing officer to devote his whole time to listening to certain Senators and Representatives who, in the morning, insist that Poldoody, and to others, in the afternoon, who aver that Mullaney, is the man who ought to be made sub-coal-heaver in the Buncombe Post-office. It is the men who are willing to do this who are sent to Congress, and, of course, they have no time and no taste for intelligent legislation.

There is a very common assertion, which Mr. Randall repeats with approval in his "Life of Jefferson," that no set of men are entitled to monopolize public office, and that every man will use his official influence for the party whose principles he accepts. But the people have certainly the right of deciding upon what principles their civil service shall be administered; and when they have made fidelity and capacity the tenure of appointed officers, they have destroyed the chief weapon of official influence by compelling a resort to reason, and not to the fear of removal. There is no one measure that would so mollify the ferocity of our politics as a reform of the civil service, such as the President recommends in his Message. Nothing would tend more to remove from them much that now repels the very men whose activity in politics is so desirable. Meanwhile those who are already active must do what they can to secure the appointment of the best men. But if the best men would refuse to be beggars, and to receive an alms which may at any moment, and for no reason whatever, be withdrawn, they would stimulate a reform under which they could most gladly, honorably, and satisfactorily serve the country.

THE SYMPATHY OF FINE WORDS.

If any thing further were necessary to make a thoughtful and patriotic Frenchman despair, it would be the perusal of the report of the late meeting in the city of New York to express sympathy with the French republic. It was a meeting for home effect, and was in no sense whatever representative of American opinion. We do not recall any similar assembly of which the tone was so hollow and insincere. We do not mean, of course, that the orators and the letter-writers do not sympathize with France, and see with pleasure the rise of a republic any where; but there was a painfully perfunctory air in all that was said and written; there was no word, no touch, that showed the least earnestness or conviction; and the moral of the affair should be that it is not worth while to spend money upon such meaningless and resultless performances.

There are two points which the orators in America who profess sympathy for France always depend upon, and they are both misconceptions. The first is the aid which the Government of Louis the Sixteenth sent to the struggling American colonies in the Revolution. Unquestionably that aid was of great service, but it was not sent from any sympathy with the cause of the colonies, but as an injury to Great Britain. The Government of Louis the Sixteenth had no more sympathy with insurrection against established order and with republican sentiments than the Government of Louis Napoleon. The friendship of France, as it is called, appeared in its true light when the treaty was negotiated at the end of the war, and the affection and respect felt for us were shown in the treatment our ministers afterward received from the Directory—a fact to which Mr. Adams called attention in his recent historical address. The second point is, that as the United States enthusiastically supported the cause of Greece fifty years ago, they should, with the same ardor, declare themselves for bleeding France. But, as we have more than once said, if the situation were the same, the feeling of this country would be spontaneous and irresistible. Does it never occur to the orators that if the people of this country saw that France was trampled, an innocent victim, under the heel of an armed and ruthless tyranny, they might speak in tones that would not die away in a faint newspaper report, but would arrest the march of the tyrant? And if they do not speak in such tones, it is because they do not see that sore oppression which the orators declare, whatever other horrible suffering they may behold. And how does it chance, since most of these orators are Democrats, that while the people of France lay prostrate under the imperial heel of Louis Napoleon, the orators raised no cry of sympathy or denunciation, and that one of their chief organs in this country was, to the very last, one of the most obsequious of the imperial lackeys?

The resolutions of this meeting denounce as a "hypocritical falsehood" the assertion that there is no Government in France with which Germany can treat; and they have a fine stroke of blarney about "brave German democrats." But do American and German "Democrats" hold that a self-appointed Committee of Defense, which seizes and wields the authority of a Government, is a republic? They forget that M. Louis Blanc, who is quite as democratic as any of them, is opposed to the calling of an assembly elected by the French people, lest it should not be republican. If fine words could save France, she would never have been in difficulties. It is not by the pronunciation of Shibboleth that the French nation is to be helped. If it is ever to rise again, it must be by the most painful regeneration. Nothing but the most resolute sincerity, self-denial, hard work, education, and the most profound disregard for phrases, rhetoric, tinsel, and veneering of every kind, can ever restore that people. They are paying now the terrible penalty of that maundering self-glorification, to which such a meeting as we have considered only ministers, and which must, therefore, be considered a misfortune for the unhappy country with which it professed to sympathize. There is a great deal of real sympathy for France in this country, but it is of a very different kind from that which calls Paris the mother of civilization, and which thinks that all will be well if M. Gambetta and his friends are only called a republic.

CRUSHING AND MAIMING BY LAW.

There is such incessant building in the city of New York, and such a tendency to build insecurely, that there are laws to regulate the thickness of the walls and other details, and there is a Department of Buildings in the city, and a Superintendent of Buildings under the Department, and Deputy Superintendent under the Superintendent, and Sergeant Inspectors and other Inspectors under the Deputy Superintendent. And the law and the Department and the Superintendents and Deputies and Inspectors could not prevent the erection of a factory which blew down in a high wind, crushing an adjoining house, maiming and killing its occupants. How many hundreds of thousands of dollars the tax-payers of the city pay for the support of a Department of Buildings which does not compel a man to regard the warning of a builder that his structure is insecure, may be surmised from the expense of other departments of equal efficiency, the praises of which are sung by Mr. Richard O'Gorman in Tammany Hall.

In the present instance, as there were certain hapless people crushed to death, there was a noble show of investigation. The owner testified that he contracted for building according to law; but he was evidently suspicious of something, for when the building had reached the sixth story he remarked to the builder that if the walls were not strong enough he might stop where he was. But the builder was quite sure that every thing was plumb and strong, and he went on. Mr. Hamilton was the carpenter. People asked him if the building was not in danger of falling, but he saw no signs of such a catastrophe, until there came a high wind, which was too severe for "its unfinished state," and it fell. Mr. Davie, a mason, suggested that the walls of the lower stories should be made heavier; but Mr. Hale, the owner, said that he was building according to law. Mr. Mullin, a mason and builder, testified that the walls were run up too rapidly, and that had more time been taken the building would not have fallen. Mr. Downey, a builder, stated that there are no means to protect a building so exposed except such as were used, "as I understand," in this case. Mr. Conover, a builder, stated that every thing was properly done, and that the wind caused the fall. But upon cross-examination he said that the walls were built too rapidly for safety, and that if longer time had been taken the building would have been much safer.

Then Mr. Hill, a practical builder, testified to the imperfection of the construction of the building in detail; and to the question of a juror he replied that "it is not customary to build as I suggest in New York, to my knowledge; I know nothing of the law, I speak from a common-sense point of view." Mr. Sweeny, Inspector of the district in which the building fell, was of opinion that the wind might "blow over any building in course of erection;" but this was not put up too hurriedly, and thicker walls would not have prevented the fall. Mr. Adams, Deputy Superintendent, testified that the plan and specifications were according to law; and, had the floors been in, the building would not have fallen. Mr. Macgregor, Superintendent of Buildings, had examined the ruins, and found that the building had been erected according to law. The mortar was green—still the law was complied with. He has always advocated stronger buildings before the Legislature, and builders generally make the walls stronger than the law requires. The jury, having heard the evidence, exonerated the owner and builder from blame, as every thing had been done according to law. They found also that the Building Department had done every thing according to law; and finally they found the law defective. The family and friends of Anne Hamilton and the other victims, therefore, have the satisfaction of knowing that she was crushed to death according to a defective law, and that nobody is to blame. But Mr. A. H. Guernsey writes to the *Tribune* that he has personally inspected the ruins; that the wonder is that it should not have fallen before it was half-way up; that the mortar, which the Superintendent of Buildings calls "green," was mere powder; that the bricks might as well have been piled up without mortar; and he charges that every one of the persons killed was murdered by "gross and wanton recklessness;" and he calls for the indictment of the persons responsible.

But it appears that there is a law which carefully authorizes the erection of unsafe buildings, and a Department of Public Buildings which, according to the testimony of the Superintendent, can not stop the construction, although it be evidently unsafe. The witnesses, therefore, who testified that the building was strong enough, if it had not been for the wind, might have contented themselves with asserting that it was lawfully weak. If it blew over it was the fault of the law, not of the builder or owner. We offer our sincere sympathy to all who are now living under the walls of unfinished buildings. There may be a severe winter gale at any moment, and they know what to expect. Some foreman may have suggested to the owner that the walls are not secure. But the owner has probably answered that he is building according to law; and when those to whom we offer our sympathy are crushed or maimed for life, they or their friends may know in advance that an intelligent, a conscientious, a law-abiding jury of their countrymen will decide that nobody is to blame; and that the Superintendent of Buildings will decide that the mortar was unfit, and that he profoundly regrets his total inability to do any thing to save human life from criminal recklessness in building.

PAPAL POLITICS.

As the Government of Italy has undertaken to take care of the Pope, it seems unnecessary for the British Government to offer to do it. The complaint that the Pope is under any improper constraint is undoubtedly only part of what may be called the Buncombe of the situation. It is the interest of the Papal politicians to confuse the civil and ecclesiastical functions of the Pope, so that his religious subjects may feel that the secular authority is harming them. But, as we recently stated, there is no reason whatever to suppose that the Pope is constrained in the exercise of his ecclesiastical duties because he is made the political governor of four or five hundred men rather than of as many thousands. The declaration that he is "morally a prisoner in the hands of a sanguinary mob" is merely amusing. The people whom the Pope has been politically ruling did not offer the least resistance to the entrance of the Italian army of emancipation, and when the question of acceptance was formally submitted to them they almost unanimously declared in favor of the Italian Government.

The occupation of Rome by that Government was the result of the following considerations. When the Italian kingdom was formed, in 1860, it was recognized by Europe, although it included some of the Papal dominions. The reasons of the consent of the population of these territories to be incorporated in the new kingdom were so well understood that the Papal protests were of no weight with other powers. But the consequence was that the States of the Church became a most dangerous neighbor to the new kingdom. The Pope refused to recognize it, to negotiate with it, or to treat the King of Italy with ordinary courtesy, and Rome became the rendezvous of all the enemies of Italy and the focus of their intrigues. While the Pope ruled at Rome he could summon a foreign army, by the support of which only could he reign, and which was a fatal menace to the independence of Italy. Except for this foreign army, which for some years had been French, the Italians would have long since reduced the Papal political authority; and when the French retired the Italians entered. The occupation, therefore, is justified by the Italians upon the ground of national independence and safety, and upon the consent—irregularly obtained, indeed—of the people. The alternative was simple. The Papal political rule, which was the most tyrannical and corrupt and hopeless in Christendom, could be thrown off in one way only, and that was by revolution. Should that revolution be forcible and bloody, or virtually peaceful? The country chose the latter course by acquiescing in the Italian occupation.

This is the simple and sufficient explanation of the situation at Rome. Ecclesiastics every where will, of course, seek to confound the two functions of the Pope, and appeal to superstitious passions to protest against the movement which, although it guarantees him precisely the same ecclesiastical liberty as before, and even the same revenues, yet releases a whole people from his political oppression. The most unreasoning partisan of the Papal political rule has not yet ventured to assert that it was wise, elevating, or liberal. No one familiar with the facts will deny that the States of the Church have been conspicuous in Europe for their degradation, ignorance, and poverty. Nor is it easily conceivable that any sincere member of the Roman Church should seriously insist that the political oppression of a million of people is essential to the proper ecclesiastical supremacy of a bishop of their communion. They know as well as the rest of us what the ecclesiastical rule always has been and always will be; and if the American Romanists who recently protested were obliged to be politically subject to their chief bishop, controlled by Cardinal Antonelli, or some other, their protest would have been very much less fervent.

Mr. HOLLAND'S FUNERAL.

There has been some feeling expressed at the refusal of the Rev. Dr. Sabine to permit the funeral ceremonies of the late George Holland, comedian, to take place from his church. As we learn, he did not decline to read the service, as, indeed, he could not under the rubric of his Church; but he was not willing to seem to countenance the theatre by opening his church—which was in his discretion—for the obsequies of an actor. The church was asked for by the friends of Mr. Holland, because he was a man so honored in his profession and so generally respected that a crowd was properly anticipated at the funeral, for which suitable accommodation was desirable. And for such an occasion, under such circumstances, his friends naturally supposed that a church was the appropriate place. It seems to us that the clergyman was mistaken in supposing that if he permitted the church to be opened for so affectionate and solemn a ceremony, the permission could be construed as an approval of what are called the immoralities of the stage. And he might very justly have asked himself whether, if his Church does not forbid Christian burial to a man because he is an actor, it can be supposed to close its doors against his dead body for the funeral rites. The pastor no more approves the theatre because he opens his church to bury an actor than he approves gambling because he opens the same church to marry a Wall Street operator.

The ground of the refusal in this case is to be regretted, because no wise or Christian man, it seems to us, ought to judge another by what he believes to be the character of the class to which the other belongs. No one would be hardy enough to assert that in this country and at this time even the good repute, not to say good character, of any person is imperiled by the fact of his being an actor. The names of Jenny Lind, of Nilsson, of Sontag, of Mrs. Charles Kean, of Mr. William Warren in Boston—not to come nearer to the city of New York—are enough to remind us all that there is no necessary taint in the theatre. We had not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Holland, nor do we remember ever to have seen him upon the stage; but the hearty expression of love and respect which followed his death is the best possible tribute to the truly humane and generous character of his life.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We have referred, in previous Numbers of the *Weekly*, to the fact that two important expeditions had been engaged during the past summer in prosecuting researches into the natural history and geology of the Rocky Mountains; and as these have now returned to the East, we have been enabled to gather some facts in regard to them which may be of interest to our readers.

An appropriation having been made by Congress for the purpose of continuing geological explorations commenced several years ago by Dr. Hayden, under the direction of the Interior Department, a party was fitted out by him at Cheyenne, about the middle of July, which included a scientific corps of ten persons, together with nine other employés. Provided with proper authority from the War Department to obtain assistance in the way of supplies and transportation, it left the point mentioned about the 6th of August; and as the work of the previous year had been southward along the eastern flanks of the Rocky Mountains to Santa Fé, the present expedition was arranged to move northward along the same range, so as to obtain as extensive a section of the mountains as possible.

Leaving Cheyenne, as stated, the party proceeded along the eastern base of the Laramie Range, by way of Chug Water Creek, Laramie Peak, North Platte, Sweet Water, and South Pass, to the Wind River Mountains; then down the Big and Little Sandy creeks to Green River, and thence to Fort Bridger. Here they remained for about twenty days, making explorations in the vicinity. From Fort Bridger they then went southward to Henry's Fork, and ascending its valley to Green River and Brown's Hole, returned up the river to the Union Pacific Railroad, and thence by way of Bridger's Pass, Medicine Bow Mountain, and Laramie Plains, and through the Laramie Hills, by way of Cheyenne Pass, back to the original point of departure, which was reached about the 1st of November. Extensive collections were made in all branches of natural history and geology, and numerous sections, photographic views, sketches, and notes taken, from which to prepare the geological history of the country. It is understood that Dr. Hayden's report is well advanced, and will probably be printed in the course of a few months.

The expedition of Professor Marsh, although a private one, and instituted especially in the interest of the museum of Yale College, was also of great magnitude, and thoroughly equipped for accomplishing its desired object. His party consisted of twelve companions, principally students or recent graduates of Yale, and left New Haven on the last of June, proceeding directly to Fort M'Pherson, on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad. From Fort M'Pherson, escorted by a company of the Fifth Cavalry, under Lieutenant Riley, an exploration was first made along the Loup Fork and Niobrara, where rich collections rewarded their efforts. Returning from this excursion, they proceeded early in August to Fort D. A. Russell, near Cheyenne, and from that point made a trip, accompanied by a detachment of the Fifth Cavalry, under Captain Montgomery, into Northern Colorado, and thence to Antelope Station, where extensive collections were made. From this point they moved to the north branch of the Platte River, near Chimney Rock, and again returned to Fort Russell by way of Horse Creek. Continuing their labors, they started westward to Fort Bridger, with an escort from the Thirteenth Infantry, and examined the eastern Uintah Mountains, and the region along the Green and White rivers, and other main tributaries of the Colorado; and after an absence of about eight weeks returned to Fort Bridger.

Thence a portion of the party went to California, and visited the Yosemite Valley, while others proceeded to Denver in November, and then to Fort Wallace, in Kansas, where their explorations for the season were concluded. The amount of material brought in by both these parties, the movements of which overlapped each other to a certain extent, may be considered as the most important and valuable ever made in a single season in the United States; and as they will be submitted to the most accomplished specialists in the United States for investigation, we may look with confidence to the final reports of the results as likely to clear up a great deal that is at present perplexing and obscure in the geology and natural history of the country.

If any of our readers are interested in the purchase of walrus hides, they may be pleased to notice that the quotations for this year are much lower than usual. Von Heuglin remarks, in a recent communication, that they bring in Hammerfest, at the present time, only two cents per pound, which is just half what they were worth last year. Walrus teeth are worth about thirty cents a pound. The skin of the large seals now brings four cents a pound, the salted meat of the reindeer six or eight cents, and bearskins about eight dollars apiece.

English papers mention, with regret, the fact that Sir Roderick Murchison, the eminent geologist and geographer, has been stricken with paralysis, and express the hope that the case may not be as severe as his friends at first feared.

We learn from *Nature* that Admiral Farquhar has concluded to revisit the Galapagos Islands in the *Zealous*, for the purpose of continuing his researches on their natural history, the results of which proved so interesting on a previous occasion. This group furnishes one of the most remarkable of all known lands, in a natural history point of view, since, while the fauna bears a general relationship to that of the coast of South America, it yet possesses certain remarkable peculiarities that distinguish it from all others. There are several islands of small size, quite close to each other, which are, however, found to contain species peculiar to each. One of the most thorough explorations yet made of the natural history of that region was accomplished by Dr. Habel, a resident of Hastings-upon-Hudson, New York. A report has recently been published in London upon the birds obtained by this gentleman, from which we learn that he procured twenty-three species of land birds, embracing many hundreds of specimens, and including six kinds previously undescribed.

The daily papers have lately referred in brief terms to the recent capture of a whale in the Arctic Ocean, with a harpoon embedded in its flesh that must have been implanted in Davis Straits. From a Honolulu paper we learn that the whale in question was taken by the ship *Cornelius Howland*, off Point Barrow, the northernmost cape of Alaska, and of the main land of North America. The harpoon was marked "A. G.," referring, as was supposed, to the ship *Ansel Gibbs*, of New Bedford, which has been engaged for ten or twelve years in the whale-fishery at Cumberland Inlet, in Davis Straits. Cases have before occurred of whales being captured at Cumberland Inlet with harpoons in them that must have been inserted in the Arctic Ocean; but this is said to be the first instance authenticated in which the movement of the whale was in the opposite direction. Although geographical exploration has already proved the existence of a connection by water between the eastern and western sides of America, these occurrences tend to furnish an interesting corroboration of the fact.

In a report of a zoological exploration made in the White Sea and on the Murmanian coast in Lapland, by Jarschinski, in 1869, lately published by Dr. Petermann, attention is called to the fact that while in the tropical seas the highest development of animal life is found near the surface, and diminishes with increasing depth, a precisely opposite state of things is met with in the arctic seas. Thus, in the shallow portion of the White Sea animal life was extremely scanty, and it was only in the deep bay of Condelac that an abundance was met with. The same condition of things was found in a portion of the Polar Sea, where in the shallow bays of the Murmanian coast there was a comparatively poor fauna, while at a greater depth—namely, from 80 to 200 fathoms—the variety was unexpectedly large.

All the large and more highly developed forms occurred at great depths, certain echini, crabs, and sea-spiders acquiring comparatively colossal dimensions. Among the latter was a species of pycnogonid which measured ten inches between the tips of the outstretched arms. In fact, it was found that the Polar Sea, along the Murmanian coast, was richer in animal life than any other part of the maritime portion of European Russia.

The close relationship of the animals of this region with those of the Atlantic Ocean is believed to be a further proof of the existence of a branch of the Gulf Stream on this coast; and thus to substantiate the views of Petermann of the great extent of this stream, as opposed to the ideas of Findlay, who denies that the Gulf Stream proper has power enough to reach the European coast or exercise any influence upon its climate, believing it to be completely destroyed near Newfoundland by the southwest polar current, and not to be traceable any further.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR IN FRANCE.

The bombardment of Fort Avron, commenced by the Prussians December 27, resulted, on the 29th, in the abandonment of that work by the French garrison, who retired into Paris. Fort Avron was the most advanced of the French forts on the east side, and distant from the city wall six miles. Mount Avron is an elevated position, a short distance in rear of the positions said to have been occupied by the French after the sortie of the 21st ult. The possession of this fort gives the Prussians a position whence a portion of the city of Paris can be reached by their heavy shells.

General Bourbaki is making an important movement eastward, at the head of a large force, to operate against the Prussian communications. Gambetta is at Bordeaux, where his presence has given great activity to military preparations.

The Prussians have recently made two attempts to storm the small fortress of Belfort, both of which were repulsed with great loss to the besiegers.

The Prussians have evacuated Dijon, which is now occupied by a French force.

Reports relating to the recent engagement at Nuits, not a great distance from Lyons directly contradict each other. The French official report says that 24,000 Germans attacked the French, who numbered 19,000. After five hours' fighting the French retreated half a mile. Reinforcements coming up the next morning, the Prussians retreated in such haste that they lost the prisoners taken the previous day. The Prussian account represents the affair as ending favorably for the German side.

During the recent excitement in Lyons, caused by the reported occupation of Nuits by the Prussians, an alarm was sounded, the guards mustered, and a procession of women in mourning passed through the streets. General Arnaud, on refusing to admit a crowd of "Reds" to the Hôtel de Ville, was assailed, and in self-defense discharged his revolver at his assailants. He was overpowered, and shot, on conviction at a mock trial, in which his assailants were the judges.

New French earth-works at Paris, constructed beyond Mont Valérien, on the west, sent shells beyond Versailles, the Prussian head-quarters.

A Prussian commander recently seized several English vessels on the Seine, sank them to impede navigation, and treated the crews with great severity. To a remonstrance from the British government the Prussians reply that they will give indemnity bonds to the owners of the vessels, but will not compensate the seamen for the harsh treatment they received.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

On the evening of December 27 General Prim, while driving home in his carriage from the Ministry of War, was shot by a band of assassins. The General was severely wounded in the shoulder and right hand, but at the time the injuries were not supposed to be mortal. Seven bullets were extracted from his shoulder, and it was found necessary to amputate two of the fingers of the right hand. Soon after the operation he commenced failing, and expired on the evening of December 29. This sad event caused great excitement in Madrid, and a popular disturbance was checked only by prompt military precautions.

Admiral Topete immediately assumed the functions of General Prim, and organized a temporary ministry.

The new King of Spain reached Madrid on the 1st instant, and was received with enthusiasm.

King Victor Emanuel entered Rome December 31. The city was illuminated, and the enthusiasm of the people was unbounded.

The Bavarian Deputies have rejected the treaties with Prussia, in order to obtain more favorable terms.

Mr. Gladstone writes to deny a recent report that he had embraced the Roman Catholic faith.

The tunnel under Mont Cenis was completed December 26.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A United States steamer, at the Navy-yard in Washington, is now actively getting ready for the expedition to San Domingo, as soon as the commissioners shall have been appointed, should the Senate resolution pass the House.

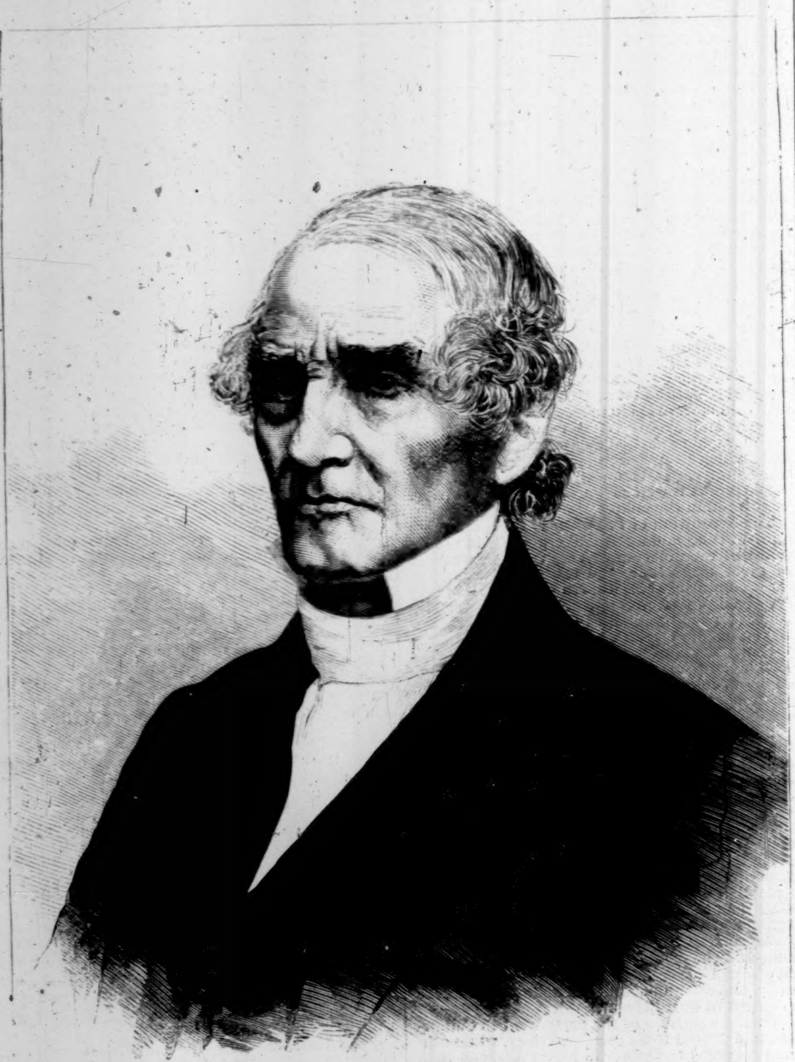
A hotel at the east end of the wire bridge across the Alleghany, at Pittsburg, was burned, December 30, and the wire cables of the bridge became heated until they parted, letting the entire structure into the river, with twenty persons who were on it watching the fire. Four persons were fatally injured, and several others severely.

The Apache Indians are reported as committing outrages in Arizona. A freight train was recently attacked by them, three persons killed, and a number of cattle "run off."

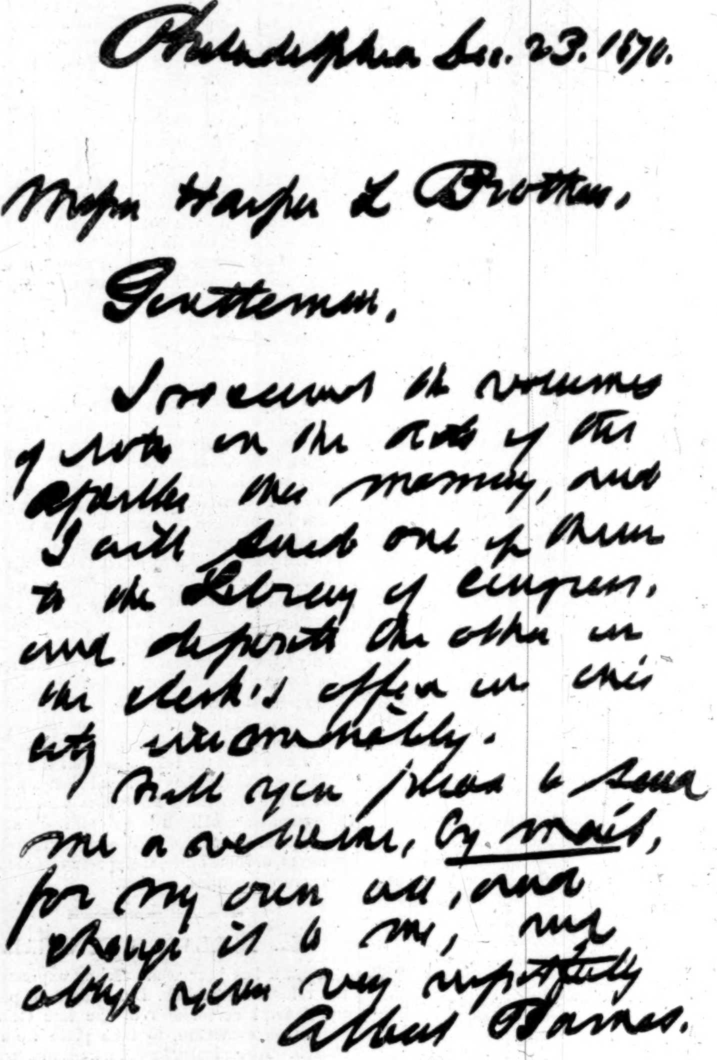
It is said that Canadian officials have received highly satisfactory dispatches from England relative to the position assumed by the Canadian government in reference to the fishery question.

The Gloucester (Massachusetts) fishing fleet lost last year thirteen vessels, and ninety-seven men, who leave twenty-six widows and forty-five children.

An appropriation of $75,000, for the erection of a soldiers' monument on Boston Common, has been made by the City Council of Boston.



THE LATE REV. ALBERT BARNES.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA. [SEE PAGE 30.]



Philadelphia Dec. 23. 1870.

Messrs Harper & Brothers.

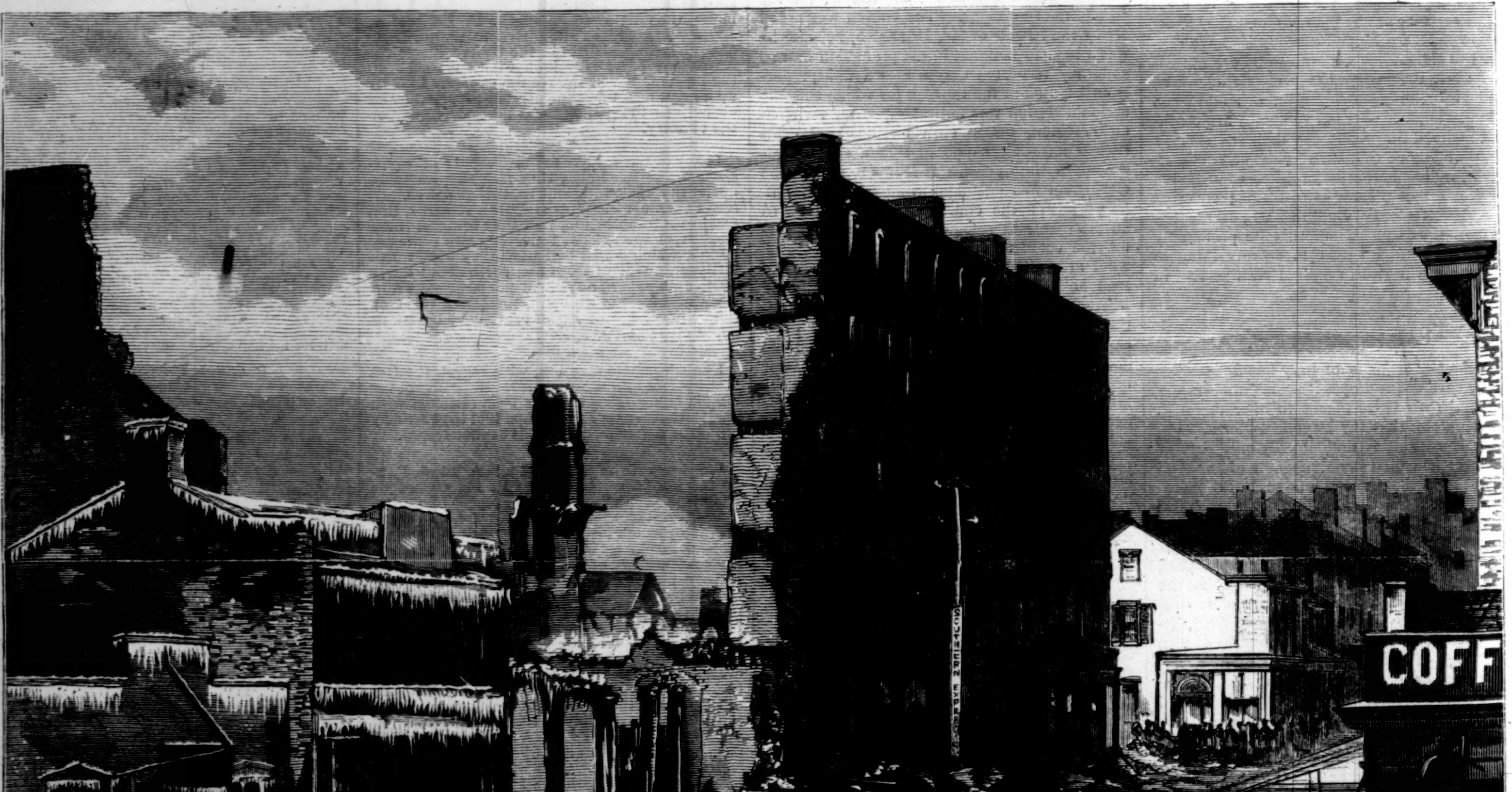
Gentlemen.

I received the volumes of notes on the Acts of the Apostles this morning, and I will send one of them to the Library of Congress, and deposit the other in the clerk's office in this city immediately.

Will you please to send me a volume, by mail, for my own use, and charge it to me, and oblige yours very respectfully

Albert Barnes.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE LAST LETTER WRITTEN BY MR. BARNES.



BURNING OF THE SPOTTSWOOD HOUSE, RICHMOND.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. R. REES & CO., AND ANDERSON, OF THAT CITY.—[SEE PAGE 29.]

MY "FIRST-CLASS" GHOST-STORY.

I was seated in a comfortable compartment in a first-class railway carriage at London Bridge railway station on 24th of December. The weather was horribly cold, and the wind was very high. I had my evening paper already cut by my side, and my *Bradshaw* was in my hand; but they were at present both unheeded, for my thoughts were far away down the line—forty miles down, to Nettleton, where I was going to spend my Christmas holidays with my uncle, Arthur Blucher, a few cousins, and Bessie Noland. When I say that my uncle and cousins were second and third in my thoughts, I need hardly explain that Bessie was my sweet-heart—rather an old-fashioned word, but I like to use it. I had won her after a courtship of twelve months; and I thought myself the happiest of young fellows and the luckiest of mankind. I will not attempt to describe my Bessie, for that can only be done by photography. She was very pretty, very sensible, and beloved by every body, and adored by me. I had parted with her in the autumn; and although every week brought me a kind, gentle letter from her, we had not met since saying good-by at the Barmouth station, North Wales, when she went to stop at Nettleton, and I returned to grim old law in my chambers, New Inn, Lincoln's Inn. How slowly the time dragged on, to be sure! There never could have been a windier or a more cheerless October than in that year, nor a duller or darker November. I could find no charm in the London theatres, in spite of the novelties produced. The newspapers were stupid, and the magazines barely readable. My friends, too, somehow or other, became wearisome. Johnson's puns fell flat, Robinson's practical jokes lost their charms, and Smith's and Jones's parties bored me. I wanted Christmas to come as quickly as possible, and yet Old Time would not get on any quicker in spite of my fretting. But at last the day arrived for my departure. I had packed my portmanteau two days before it was necessary. I had studied my route until I knew the stations by heart, and I found myself at London Bridge station a good half hour before the train was advertised to start. Immediately "my" train (I had known this 5.55 for so many weeks that I looked upon it in the light of personal property) backed into its position I insisted on taking my seat, although the guard assured me that we shouldn't be off for a quarter of an hour, if then. Never mind; I felt happier and less restless in the carriage, knowing that it was something somehow connected with Nettleton and my visit. Our train, according to the time-tables, did not stop any where after passing Croydon, but ran right into Nettleton junction—ignoring Reigate, Little Houghton, and Rushley. So, giving a shilling to the guard, I requested him to lock the door, and I was left to my cigar, my evening paper, my *Bradshaw*, and my Bessie.

The station was thronged with holiday-makers of all grades of society, pushing, squeezing, laughing, shouting, but all bent on one object—to get good places in their various trains. Poor guards, how I pitied them! and how I admired their coolness and clearheadedness in the midst of such a Babel of tongues! Should we never start, I asked myself as I leaned out of window for the twentieth time. Yes, surely those are "our" doors being slammed to; that is our guard whistling and holding up his hand; and that brisk, determined whistle belongs to our engine. We were off. As we slowly glided out of the station I was somewhat surprised to see a tall, lank, white-faced gentleman walk up to my carriage door—which I paid the guard to lock—open it, step in, and take his seat opposite me. He was a most peculiar-looking individual. His face was very long, and painfully white; his eye was bright and restless; his hands, incased in black kid gloves, had the appearance of possessing a good deal of bone; his legs were awkwardly long; and, to add to his eccentricity, his head was quite bald, and shone like a plain white billiard-ball. On entering the carriage he bowed to me, and, after carefully gazing round him, smiled—such a smile!—and taking out a black-covered book, coiled himself up in a corner and buried himself in its contents. This strange being puzzled me considerably. What could he be? Perhaps a doctor. No—his appearance would terrify any nervous patient. A lawyer possibly; an escaped lunatic more probably. I determined to speak to him; for, though I was not a coward, I did not like the man. There was something unearthly about him; for now and then he would put down his book, gaze on the lamp above him, and laugh quietly; then fixing his eyes on me for a second, would relapse into a smile, and continue his reading. "Do you object to smoking?" I asked—I own with an effort. He took no notice of me. I repeated the question; but, in lieu of replying, he twisted himself into an easier position, and went on with the black-bound book.

"I shall not be at all sorry when we get to Nettleton," I thought to myself, as I threw my cigar away and took up the paper; "I don't relish this superhuman fellow-passenger at all. Well, as there's no chance of release for two good hours, I may as well make the best of it." I tried to read, but could not fix my thoughts on any subject; so I soon gave it up, and tried to lose myself in dream-land. But at first I could not sleep; for whenever I happened to look up I found my horrible companion's eyes fixed on mine. A cold perspiration came over me every time I looked on him; so I summoned up courage and said, somewhat sharply, "I think you are very rude to stare at me so, Sir; if you have any thing to say to me, be good enough to speak." He smiled, and looked out of the window for a moment, sighed, and changed his seat. I must have soon fallen into a doze, but how long I slept I have little idea. When I awoke I felt the carriage oscillating violently, and to my horror and surprise, *my companion had gone!* Yes, I was alone in the carriage! In another moment the air was filled with shrieks of agony and yells of despair, the escape of steam, and the crashing of wood. My carriage shook and groaned, and then tottered over on its side down an embankment; but luckily for me, I was, with the exception of a few bruises, unhurt. Oh, what a sight was before me! The 5.55 from London had run into a goods train, and lay before me a wreck. Women, children, and men were buried under the débris, while some, like me, had escaped without a scratch. We rendered all the assistance that lay in our power to the poor creatures; and it was not until the sun had risen on Christmas morning that we got sufficient hands together to clear the line.

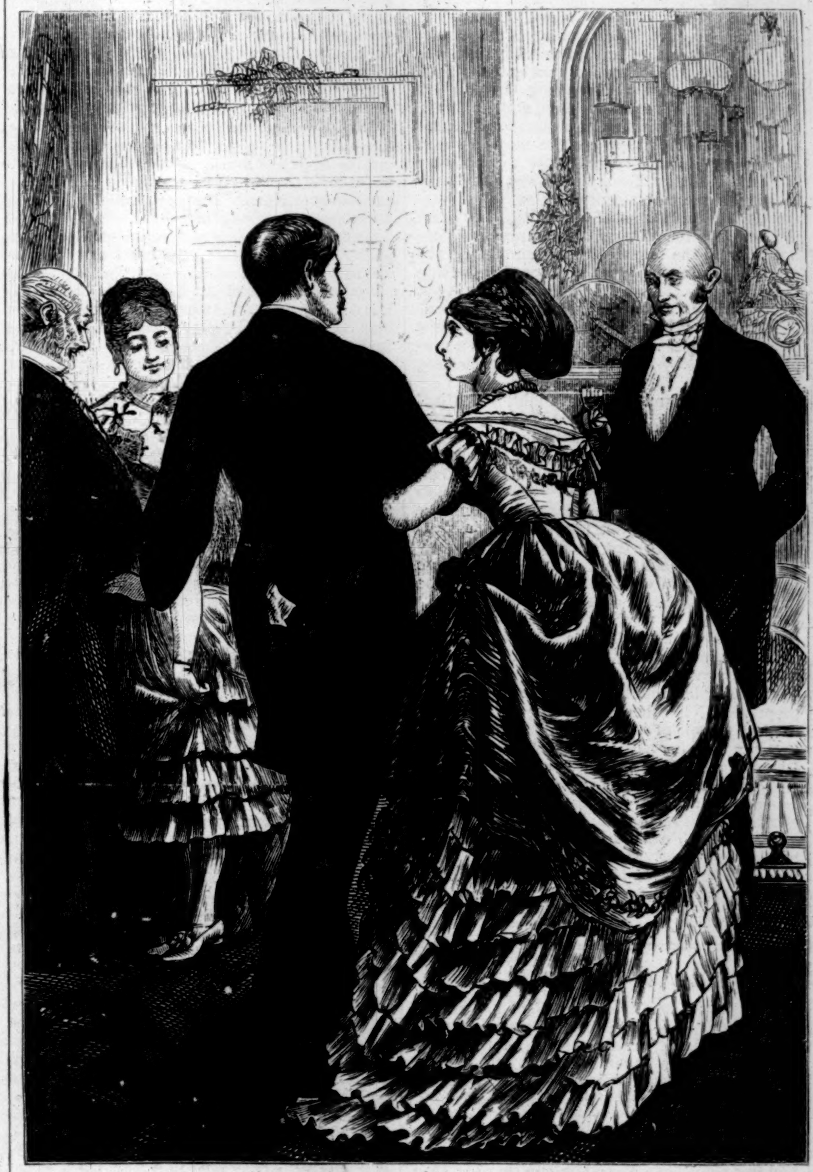
Twenty-five people were killed in this awful accident, and over thirty severely injured.

The news of the disaster had reached Nettleton some hours previous to my arrival; and when I had briefly narrated the painful facts of the case, I asked leave to go to my room, feeling perfectly unable to take part in the Christmas merry-makings. I was glad enough to throw myself on the bed; and although I could not sleep, the quietude of the place, and the calm rest which I enjoyed, soothed my nervous frame and cooled my burning brain. I thought over the events of the short time which had elapsed since I left London, and could not help connecting my mysterious fellow-traveler in some way with the accident. I was no believer in ghosts; and yet what was the meaning of that man's mysterious entrance at London Bridge, and his still more mysterious disappearance? Was it fancy? Certainly not. Could it have been a warning of the coming danger? I could not answer myself, but continued to ponder and argue until I could not bear to be alone, so got up and went down into my uncle's library. I sent for Bessie by one of the servants, and in a very few moments my dear girl and myself were together. I told her all my adventure. At first she laughed at me and called me a superstitious goose; but when she found me serious she was annoyed, and gave me a good lecture, which she finished up by telling me that I had been working too hard and too late at my chambers, had overheated my brain, and therefore fancied all manner of stupid things. I promised not to allude to the "ghost," as she termed my railway companion, during my holidays; and I kept my word.

The few days' leisure that I had allowed myself went quickly enough; and my Nettleton visit was soon a thing of the past, and I was once again hard at work in the Inn. At times my thoughts would turn to the events of Christmas-eve; and though I strove to erase the recollection from my mind, I could not forget my fellow-traveler. I read books on spiritualism; and in spite of arguments with friends, and several serious conversations with my relatives, I became a believer in ghosts. I kept the truth from Bessie, for I knew that she would be broken-hearted if she knew that I had become a disciple of the spiritualists. I was very unhappy and very unsettled; my health was none of the best; my spirits were low; and my energy flagged considerably. So the long year passed away, and Christmas came again. I was, as usual, to spend my few days' holiday at Nettleton, and I found myself once more in a first-class carriage by myself at 5.55 on the 24th of December.

The whistle was sounded, the engine shrieked, the train moved, the door opened, and HE entered the carriage, smiled in the same deathlike manner as he had smiled twelve months ago, took his seat, [illegible]ced the black book, and read in silence. [illegible] not think I was very much surprised at seeing him, for he had been in my "mind's eye" all the year; but a cold perspiration came over me; I felt a sinking at my heart, and a burning, throbbing pain flew to my head. "Man, if man you be," I said, fixing my eyes on the figure, "if you have come to warn me of any coming danger, speak to me. I am brave enough to hear the worst." He lifted his eyes from his book, yawned, closed the volume, and settled himself to sleep. "No," I cried, "you shall not evade my question; you must answer me. What will happen? Why are you here?" He roused himself, and looked at me with a smile upon his hard lips; he then took out a small pocket-book and wrote on a page, which he tore out and handed me, these words: "WE SHALL MEET TO-NIGHT."

I read the five words over and over again, but could not fathom their meaning. I was painfully certain, in my own mind, that some other terrible calamity of some kind or other would happen before long, and that I read my warning on the piece of paper I held in my hand. I kept my eyes fixed on him for some time; but nature at length ruled, and I fell asleep—not into a sound slumber, but into a troubled, fretful series of dozes of an unrefreshing and feverish character. I was aroused by the train slackening speed, and, on looking out of the window, found we had arrived at Nettleton junction, *and I was the only occupant of the carriage!* Hastily gathering my traps together, I got out of the haunted carriage, and inquired of a porter if my uncle had sent over any conveyance for me. Yes, there was the dog-cart. Before leaving the station I asked the station-master if he was sure that the train from which I had alighted was the express from town. "Yes, Sir," was his answer; "through from London Bridge." What an awful ride I had on that dark Christmas-eve! At every turn of the road I thought we should be overturned; whenever the horse improved his pace I made up my mind that he had bolted; but, in spite of my fears, we arrived safely at Nettleton House, and received a hearty welcome, as of yore.



"I STARTED BACK WITH A LOOK OF HORROR ON MY FACE."

All agreed that I was looking far from well. "Bless the boy," said my aunt; "you look as pale as though you'd seen a ghost." I stammered out something about the closeness of London, and went up stairs to dress for dinner.

How I got through the meal I have very little idea. Bessie must have thought me very stupid, for I made few remarks, and answered her questions in monosyllables. There was to be a dance, as usual, in the evening, and I was engaged, of course, to Bessie for the opening quadrille; but I made so many foolish blunders, and, as my sweet-heart told me, looked so very unwell, that I was fain to leave off.

"Come into this room, dear," Bessie said; "it is cooler there, and more quiet."

We entered. I started back with a look of horror on my face; for *there by the mantel-shelf stood my mysterious railway companion, with a glass of sherry in his hand.*

"Bessie," I said, earnestly, "come away; come away, for Heaven's sake!"

"Why, what ever is the matter, Charlie? You look so terribly frightened," she said.

But I heeded her not, for I could not think of any thing but the phantom before me. He approached with that cursed smile upon his face, and held out his hand.

Bessie looked up laughingly at his face, and said, "Charlie, won't you shake hands with Doctor Linton?"

"Who—who is he?" I asked.

"Why, Doctor Linton, the *deaf* and *dumb* gentleman."

For a moment my brain whirled round, and I can remember but indistinctly what immediately followed. I saw Bessie making signs with her fingers, and the doctor replying to her in the same manner. This is what I learned in calmer moments:

The doctor was deaf and dumb, and a season-ticket holder on the line; and as he could not always make the porters understand him, he was allowed a private key. He lived at a little village some five miles the London side of Nettleton, and the managers of the line stopped the 5.55 for him out of courtesy.

So my ghost vanished with the explanation. I shook him warmly by the hand, and, with the assistance of my Bessie, informed him of my doubts and fears, at which he laughed heartily. My spirits soon returned, and by the time the last dance was announced no one was happier than myself. Bessie and I were married the following Christmas, and conspicuous among our guests was my "First-class Ghost."

BURNING OF THE SPOTTSWOOD HOUSE.

One of the most deplorable disasters by fire which the press has chronicled in a long time was the burning of the Spottswood House, in Richmond, on the morning of Christmas-day, by which eight persons lost their lives. The fire was first discovered in the lower story, by the porter of the hotel, a little after two o'clock. An alarm was instantly given, and an effort made to awaken the guests. The fright and confusion that ensued among them can not be described. The halls were crowded with panic-stricken men and women, suddenly confronted with death in its most appalling shape. Those who were nearest the entrances were able to escape without much difficulty; but the intense cold rendered it almost impossible to work the engines, and in a very few minutes after the alarm was given the flames spread to such an extent that escape from the upper stories by means of the stairways was cut off, and the guests commenced jumping from the windows. In doing this several received fatal injuries, while others escaped without harm.

The most fearful incident of the disaster was the appearance of Mrs. Emily Kinnerly, of Baltimore, the housekeeper, at the window in the fifth story, with one or two other ladies, screaming for help. The fire companies' ladders were put up, but failed by two stories to reach the window. While the firemen were endeavoring to lengthen the ladders the crying women disappeared in the thick smoke, and were lost, the room brightening up a moment after with the flames. Another frightful incident was the appearance of a man at one of the upper windows, paralyzed by fear, who sat tearing paper into small pieces and throwing them out of the window till he fell back into the blazing mass.

A guest of the hotel, Mr. Leib, of the Treasury Department, gives a graphic account of the disaster. He says that soon after two in the morning, while in bed in the third story, he heard a sound below as if some one was breaking kindling-wood. He rose and looked out of the window, but saw nothing unusual. The noise continuing, however, he commenced dressing himself leisurely, as he intended to take the next railroad train. Before leaving his room he turned off the gas, and glancing toward the window, saw a light from the outside, which he soon discovered proceeded from flames bursting from the story directly under him. He then heard a woman, whom he supposed to be the housekeeper, cry, in wild alarm, "My God! the house is on fire!" He called to her to dress herself, and, with the view of calming her excitement, said to her that there was no danger on her side, but but that it was on his. He then proceeded to knock at all the doors in the third story to awaken the occupants of the rooms, and urge them to dress themselves quickly, as the house was on fire. Mr. Leib then descended to the second story, where he found another gentleman waking the guests, who were soon all up and alive to their danger. The utmost alarm now naturally prevailed; and in the general eagerness to escape the passage-way of the private entrance was in a short time crowded, and owing to the pressure the doors, which opened inward, could not be opened until by extraordinary force the crowd was pushed back, and room was made for that purpose. The housekeeper, Mrs. KINNERLY, was the second person who awoke on that morning, but perished by being cut off by the flames, having delayed in order to look after her trunk. The man who was carrying it preceded her, and barely got beyond her when the flames impeded her progress, and the stairway fell.

REV. ALBERT BARNES.

WE give in another part of our issue a portrait of Rev. ALBERT BARNES—he studiously refused the title of D. D., though it was repeatedly offered to him—and a fac-simile of a letter addressed by him to his publishers the day before his death. So far as we know it is the last piece, of any sort, from his pen. The firmness and vigor of the handwriting will at once strike our readers as an evidence that, despite the infirmities of age, and the fact that blindness compelled him to use a machine in writing, his natural force was but little abated.

ALBERT BARNES was born in the town of Rome, New York, on the 1st of December, 1798. At the time of his death, therefore, he was a few weeks over seventy-two. His father was a tanner, and he commenced life without any advantages of wealth, patronage, or position. For the opportunity, earnestly wished for, to acquire an education, he was indebted to a bequest in the will of an aunt, who held his abilities in high esteem. In his early youth he had imbibed skeptical ideas, and at the age of nineteen was firmly fixed in his rejection of the Bible as the Word of God. This intellectual skepticism—which, however, never affected his moral character—prepared him for his future life-work. It is characteristic of all his theological writings that he perceives the objections and difficulties of the disbeliever from the disbeliever's point of view, and by his appreciation of the doubt wins over the sympathies of the reader, and secures at least an attentive heed to the proffered explanation. In none of his writings is this characteristic more apparent than in his "Evidences of Christianity." Studiously avoiding all avowedly religious literature, the immediate cause of the change in his religious opinions was the remarkable article on "Christianity," by Dr. CHALMERS, in the "Edinburgh Encyclopedia," then in course of publication. This intellectual change was followed a year later by his conversion, during a revival in college, which in turn led to an entire change of his plans for life, and his devoting himself to the study of theology, in spite of some opposition from his father, who had intended his son for the bar.

In February, 1825, he was ordained and installed as pastor of the Presbyterian church at Morristown, New Jersey. He here commenced at once those Scripture studies which have made his name a household word wherever the English tongue is spoken. He organized a weekly Bible-class in his congregation. One of the members of his church at that time has told us of the interest which attached to those evening meetings, held, if we recollect aright, in a little school-house; and how, always, whatever the weather, the young and earnest pastor was always in his seat, promptly at the appointed hour, Bible and note-book in hand. He here formed the plan of preparing a commentary on the Bible, which, rejecting abstruse and scholastic discussions, should afford a useful interpreter to the common and unlearned readers; and he had already begun to make some preparation toward the consummation of this plan when a remarkable sermon on the "Way of Salvation," preached to his own people, and published by request, called the attention of Dr. WILSON'S church in Philadelphia to the young preacher, and led to his removal to Philadelphia in the summer or fall of 1830. This sermon, while it was the means of transferring Mr. BARNES to a new and wider field of labor, was also the first step in a long and bitter controversy in which he became involved, and from which, after long years of trial and aspersion, he has at length, in the reunion of the two Presbyterian bodies, emerged with honor untarnished, as in it all he carried himself with a Christian patience and gentleness never ruffled. The doctrines of the sermon awakened a fierce opposition to his ordination, in which, however, neither the church nor the former pastor, whose colleague he was called to be, took any part. This was but the beginning of controversy. It was followed in a few years by an ecclesiastical prosecution for supposed heresies contained in his "Notes on the Epistle to the Romans," which had been meantime published. Acquitted by the Presbytery, he was suspended, on appeal, by the Synod, and for a year relinquished the pulpit, his people, however, still sustaining him, and waiting with a spirit of patience, which they imbibed from him, for the final action of the General Assembly, by whom he was sustained and his suspension reversed. Those who were present when he returned in triumph, but not exultant, to his charge, will never forget the scene, nor the Christian mien of the man, who took victory with a modesty as great as the patience with which he suffered reproach. Six years thus passed in a perpetual turmoil, which ended only with the division of the Presbyterian Church into the two branches of Old and New School.

Meantime, despite this theological warfare, despite, too, the claims of a large and critical congregation, whose spiritual needs were never neglected, he pushed on steadily with the work of annotating the Scriptures. The "Notes" on one book after another were published in rapid succession. Every morning before light the student made his way to his church, where his study was situated, and where he worked amidst his books, until nine o'clock in the morning; never any later. "At the very beginning," says he, "now more than thirty years ago, I adopted a resolution to stop writing on these notes when the clock struck nine. This resolution I have invariably adhered to, not unfrequently finishing my morning task in the midst of a paragraph, and sometimes even in the midst of a sentence." On one occasion his almost nocturnal habits led to a disagreeable adventure. The night watchman, seeing a man prowling about the church doors at an unconscionably early hour in the morning, would fain have taken him into custody; and it was with some difficulty Mr. BARNES established his identity, and escaped arrest.

Since 1836 Mr. BARNES has been regarded as a representative of what is known as the New School theology. He lived to see the divisions, in which he had borne so active but unwilling a part—for, though prosecuted himself, he never prosecuted another—wholly healed, and was among the most active and cordial in bringing about a reunion of the dissevered branches in the one Presbyterian Church. His pen has never been idle. His commentaries, which cover the whole of the New Testament and part of the Old, have had a circulation of over a million of volumes in America, and have been translated, in whole or part, into the Welsh, French, and Tamul languages. Their gentleness and candor in the treatment of controversial points, the light which they shed on Scripture by their varied stores of information concerning Oriental life and customs, their *common-sense*, and, above all, the spirit of piety which pervades them, render them the best, as they are the most popular, commentary in any language for the ordinary reader. His latest literary work was a thorough revision of the entire series on the New Testament, with illustrations, of which the Gospels and the Acts, in three volumes, are now ready for publication, and the remainder is going through the press. The last letter he wrote was respecting these volumes. As a religious writer, without a superior; as a preacher, he was clear, calm, cogent, without being brilliant or popular. Few pastors were ever more beloved by their own people, though many have attracted greater floating congregations.

In 1868 age and failing eyesight, which had been impaired by his protracted studies, compelled him to resign his pastoral charge. He preached but little, wrote only by aid of an amanuensis or a machine, and amused himself by cultivating a little farm—of one acre. His death at the last was utterly unexpected. In company with his daughter he left his residence in Walnut Street, to pay a visit of condolence to an afflicted family residing about a mile distant. He was apparently in excellent health. But on the way he experienced considerable difficulty in breathing, and on reaching the house and taking his seat, fell suddenly back in his chair, and expired without a struggle or a word. He needs no other monument than the works which he has left behind him; and he could have no more appropriate epitaph than the closing paragraph of the last volume of his great life-work:

"*I can not lay down my pen at the end of this long task without feeling that with me the work of life is nearly over. Yet I could close it at no better place than in finishing the exposition of this book; and the language with which the Book of Psalms itself closes seems to me to be eminently appropriate to all that I have experienced. All that is past—all in the prospect of what is to come—calls for a long, a joyful, a triumphant* HALLELUJAH!"

HOW IT HAPPENED.

THIS is the way it came about; and mind! you are to believe me and no one else: certainly not Cousin Lotty or Aunt Julia, for they were not fair witnesses, as you will hear.

We were all staying down in a very wild and remote country place on the edge of a magnificent common, far away from any thing like a town or railway, and we were going to stay there for the summer. Aunt Julia and Cousin Lotty had just come from France, where they had been for a few weeks; and though they seemed to us a little affected, and as if they liked to give themselves airs—why! Cousin Lotty used to speak with a strong foreign accent, and they were never tired of saying what French people did, and said, and thought, and all so much better than the English—still, as we were living very cheaply, they were glad to join us; and as they were our aunt and cousin we all did our best to get on well with them. The "all" meant mamma, Minnie my young sister, myself Emmy, and Uncle Robert, mamma's brother, who lived with us. Aunt Julia was poor papa's sister, a widow like mamma; Cousin Lotty was six-and-twenty; I was nineteen, and Minnie three years younger.

Uncle Robert was very badly off; so was mamma; but we had another uncle whom we had never seen—poor papa's eldest brother; Aunt Julia's brother too, of course; our Uncle Tremlett, a rich man of whose very name we were in awe, for he made mamma an allowance, in fact supported us all, papa having died suddenly and left nothing; and I believe he did not much like having to make it, though he did not grumble now, and was punctual to a day in his checks. But he had grumbled very much at first, and mamma had never forgotten it. Poor mamma! I am sure she did not like to take the money. But she could do nothing else. She was in wretched health, and Mary and I were too young to work for ourselves, when all this took place that I am going to tell you of—at least Minnie was, if I was not. Besides, Uncle Tremlett would not hear of my going out as a governess or any thing like that, and mamma naturally obeyed him in all he wished.

As I tell you, Minnie and I had never seen this uncle of ours, nor indeed had Cousin Lotty; for he had quarreled once with Aunt Julia, and as he was not a man to forget a thing of this kind, he did not take any notice of the daughter. Mamma, I knew, was in mortal fear of him; so was Uncle Robert. Dear Uncle Robert! Let me tell you a little about him before I go on with my story. He was—what can I say to put it gently?—not quite right, you know; perfectly harmless, and so sweet and good, and with such a beautiful face! His hair was long and white and wavy; his face was thin and pale; he had large, light gray eyes that were generally cast up, and he always looked as if he was seeing angels or saying his prayers. And so he was. Even his poor, weak, wavering mouth, with that simple smile on it like a child's, was beautiful; and I am sure his nose, keen, and high, and bony, was the handsomest you could see any where. He was proud of his nose, the darling. And so, if he had not as much intellect now as other people, he had more beauty and goodness; and he had once been cleverer than other people. He had gone out of his mind when a young man, partly from over-study at college, and partly from a love disappointment, just as he had taken orders, and expected to be married immediately. I don't know how, but Uncle Tremlett was mixed up in this matter somehow, and his very name was enough to make Uncle Robert wild with terror or convulsed with grief. So we never spoke of him. He had lived with mamma since he came out of the asylum. She was his favorite sister, and he was very fond of Minnie and me.

Well, you may imagine our state when Uncle Tremlett wrote to mamma, saying that he was coming to pay us a visit at Woodham, where we were staying, and that he was going to bring his adopted son, Hume Cardew, with him. We had never seen this young man—"Uncle Tremlett's lubie," as Cousin Lotty called him—and we were naturally very curious to see him; especially as we felt that if Uncle Tremlett had wanted to adopt any one, he might have taken one of us. But though both Minnie and I wanted to see him, we were nothing to Cousin Lotty. She worried one's life out about this Mr. Cardew, wondering what he was like, and how much he would have when Uncle Tremlett died, and if he was in love with any one, and all sorts of speculations of things with which we had nothing whatever to do. I declare I got quite tired of hearing his name; and then Cousin Lotty used to say such rude things to me. She once said that she was sure I would set my cap at Mr. Cardew. I was so angry with her! but I am so stupid when taken suddenly that I could not answer her as I should have liked. All I could think of at the moment was: "I have no cap to set, Cousin Lotty," which I said very indignantly. And then she laughed, and her green eyes looked like a cat's, for she half shut them as she drawled out, with a strong foreign accent: "So! we affect the petite ingénue, do we?"

I wish great girls might slap each other as when they are little.

Aunt Julia was very vexed that Uncle Tremlett did not write to her instead of to mamma, but it was not our fault, so she need not have been so cross to us. Uncle Robert was at first furious, and we were sadly afraid we should not be able to manage him; but he soon got out of that state, and went into one of the most painful melancholy, shutting himself up in his own room, and refusing to come out or to let any one but mamma or me go in. However, we had to make the best of things, and we all put on our nicest faces and pleasantest manners, when, in the soft still summer's evening, a carriage came rattling up to the door, and we flocked out to receive Uncle Tremlett and his adopted son.

I scarcely know what I, for one, expected to see in Uncle Tremlett. In consideration, I suppose, of his reputation for severity and general bogeyism, I had a vague notion that he must be a tall, authoritative-looking man; but he was not. He was a small, thin, dapper little man, almost painfully neat, and with a constant smile. Not a smile like dear Uncle Robert's, that was a habit of mind, but a fixed, made-up smile, that looked like a mere trick of the face. Not that it was a bad face; it was kind in a way, but it struck me as being neither candid nor quite sincere; and it looked mean, too, though he was really kind-hearted, I am sure, and to us generous.

As for Hume Cardew, I scarcely know what to say of him. He was, he is, the handsomest fair man I have ever seen, and the others thought so as well as I. He seemed to feel a little awkward at first, and his position among us was awkward; but that soon wore off, for he was too much a man of the world to let us be uncomfortable because of him. My uncle was very kind to us, so far as a soft voice, a quiet manner, and that eternal smile went; but I felt he was taking the measure of all of us girls, and trying to find out what we were like. He paid the most attention to Cousin Lotty, and after her to Minnie; least of all to me. He spoke to me only once during the evening, but he watched me till I was crimson, and so awkward and nervous I scarcely knew what I was about. As for Hume, he devoted himself to mamma and Aunt Julia, and I don't think that on that first evening he knew one of us from the other, or could distinguish Cousin Lotty with her golden chignon, from Minnie with her long, straight, brown hair falling down to her waist, or me, with my black rough head, from either. Not that my hair is quite black, only it is very dark brown, and will curl and stick about as if it had been frizzed. As, of course, Uncle Robert would not come in, we had Uncle Tremlett and Hume Cardew as our only gentlemen, and had to make much of them accordingly. Not that I approve of flattering men just because we are women, but Aunt Julia used to say that I was bold and unwomanly when I talked like that. I do not think I was so bold as Cousin Lotty when she used to pay gentlemen such attention, and say such flattering things to them that really they did not know what to do or where to look. I have seen Hume so much embarrassed by her that I have quite pitied him, and done all that I could to help him by saying the most disagreeable things to him I could think of; but I did not mean them, and he knew that. He used to pretend he did not like it when I snubbed him to counteract Cousin Lotty's extraordinary flattery, but I think he did, after all. "Miss Pert," or "Little Fire and Fury," as Uncle Tremlett called me when he got to know me better, and was in a good-humor. But it is better to be both pert and furious than as Cousin Lotty was, with green eyes and a flattering manner, and the habit of speaking against every one as soon as they were out of hearing.

Uncle Tremlett and Hume Cardew staid a long time with us, and during all the time Uncle Robert never appeared, nor did Uncle Tremlett ask for him. Mamma was sadly perplexed what to do, between her brother and her brother-in-law, her charge and her patron; and I am sorry to say that I accused her in my own heart of paying too much court to Uncle Tremlett, not because she liked him best but because he was the richest, while she left the one she did love to get on without her as he best could. Minnie and I used to go and sit with the poor darling as often as we could, but Minnie, of course, being so young, had not much will of her own, and if Uncle Tremlett or Hume Cardew asked her to be with them, why, she left Uncle Robert to himself and did as she was told. But I was older, and took my own way more.

I remember one day especially. We were all going on a charming excursion—the excursion of the neighborhood—and Uncle Tremlett had been quite excited about it. Even mamma was going, and only Uncle Robert was to be left. I went into his room to wish the poor dear good-by, and I found him in tears, weeping like a child. He did not often do this, but when he did it was very painful to witness, and all the more so because of that usual habit of his of being rapt away in a vague unfounded happiness, which, however mournful it was for us to see, was a very heaven to him. I threw my arms round his neck, and smoothed down his dear silvery hair, and asked him to tell me why he was so unhappy, and why he was crying, and, after a long time of coaxing, I got him to confess that he thought we had all gone without wishing him good-by, and that he was lonely and did not like it. And he did not like being left, he said, as if he had been a child. He saw ugly faces and horrid sights; and ever since that fiend (he meant Uncle Tremlett) had come into the house, She had not once been to see him as She used, She had kept in heaven away from him, and had left him to the demons.

"That fiend came between us once before," he said, flinging up his hands while I wiped away his tears; "and now he has driven her away again; and not only her, but all of you, even you, my little Emmy, that I love so much!"

"No, dear; not any of us, and certainly not me," I said, coaxing him; and then I added, impulsively, "I have come to stay with you to-day. The others are going; and when they are fairly off, you and I will have a nice walk on the common."

You should have seen his pleasure at this; but I don't know why, as soon as I had said it, a great lump rose in my throat, and I had to turn away that he should not see my eyes get wet. I had looked forward to this day with so much pleasure, but still I could not leave the poor darling alone! I knew that Cousin Lotty would make out that I had done wrong in staying behind, and she would say that I had "motives"—that was her phrase; and I knew that she would monopolize Hume Cardew. I could fancy her leaning across the carriage to speak to him, looking up into his face and hanging all her weight on his arm in that odd way she had. Of course she was quite at liberty to do this if she liked. I only hoped she would not prejudice him or Uncle Tremlett against me. As uncle's adopted son, I regarded Hume almost as a cousin, and naturally I did not want him to hate me merely to please Cousin Lotty.

When I went back to the drawing-room to tell the rest I was not going with them, I little knew the storm that would break out. Uncle Tremlett was furious. He called me insolent and undutiful, and declared he would disinherit me—cut me off with a shilling; and I am sure I had never given it a thought that he would leave me even that. Mamma was frightened, and scolded me too, Aunt Julia made the worst of it she could; and Cousin Lotty said, in her most unpleasant voice: "Dear uncle, do not you know that this is Emmy's way? She enjoys herself in making herself a martyr, and attracting the regards of an assemblage. It is her foible—the way your very unselfish, very conscientious little people have," she added, with a little laugh.

Hume was the only one who kept silence; and he walked away to the window, so that I could not see his face. But I was firm. Poor Uncle Robert! How could I have deserted him! it would not have been right; and the party went off without me—Lotty driven in the dog-cart by Hume, "as Miss Tremlett will not go," said my uncle, grimly, "else that was *her* appointed place." Did not Lotty glare, and did not I choke! and my uncle sitting with mamma and Minnie and Aunt Julia in the carriage, as sweet to them as ever, perhaps more so; but to me—I could not help thinking of the old saying, "If looks could kill!"

I was nearly crying as they drove away; but I thought that would be too absurd, so I pressed back my tears and ran to Uncle Robert, and made the poor dear as happy as—as I was wretched.

When they came back, Uncle Tremlett would not speak to me, and the next day mamma said something about his taking away what might be considered my share of the allowance he made her, and my going out as a governess. He would not let Hume Cardew speak to me either, but told him off to Cousin Lotty whenever he could, while he fondled her and Minnie ostentatiously, and never so much as looked at me. I was very sorry, for I had an odd kind of liking for him; not the tender love I had for Uncle Robert, but a mixture of gratitude, and fear, and respect. I did not like his being so angry with me. But because he had all the money, I could not even try to make friends with him for fear of being misinterpreted. As it was, I was once almost put in the wrong when I was going to do a little service for him, he not being in the room; and Cousin Lotty took the chair from me, saying, in her half-French way, "Ma chère, you can not hold with the hare and hunt with the hounds. You have chosen your parti, and you must content yourself now without Uncle Tremlett's money!"

And I am sure that he heard her, for he was at the door when she spoke, and came into the room before she had quite finished.

I was much astonished that Uncle Tremlett should have shown so much displeasure for such a trifling act of disobedience, if even you can call it so—I do not, for I do not think I owed him so very much obedience. I did not then know that if poor Uncle Robert feared him, he hated Uncle Robert as people do hate those whom they have injured. He had injured him for life, ruined his prospects, destroyed his intellect, and of course he hated him; and now he hated me for having dared to do him a kindness against his own, as he thought, superior wish. He could not get over it, and did he not make me suffer!

The most painful thing, however, at this time, was his behavior to me about Hume. When they first came he had thrown us together so much that I was often made quite uncomfortable, it was so marked, besides making Aunt Julia and Cousin Lotty furious with me; but now he would not let him come near me, if he could help it; and I must say I did feel in disgrace when I saw Hume forbidden to speak to me, as if I was something bad and wicked, while Lotty was put forward for every thing, and Uncle Tremlett was never happy if Hume was half a minute away from her. "Hume, your Cousin Lotty wants you;" "Take your Cousin Lotty, boy;" "What lovely hair that Cousin Lotty of yours has, and what a sweet obliging disposition!"

Every word of praise of Lotty seemed somehow to tell as blame of me, and I was more miserable than I care now to remember. But Hume was not quite the cipher Uncle Tremlett wanted him to be; and though, as he owed him every thing, and as much, if not more, duty than a real son, he did all he could to please him, yet he had too much self-respect to be a slave or unjust; and he would not hurt me by any thing like neglect, though he could not, if he had wished it, pay me too much attention.

One day he met me alone in the garden. I had been crying, because I was very unhappy. Uncle Tremlett had been speaking at me all the morning, saying to Cousin Lotty how much he admired her sweet manner, and how he disliked pert, self-willed girls, and how he hoped that when Hume married (Hume was not in the room) he would marry a girl who had her temper under control, and understood the grace of obedience, and was well-mannered, had been abroad, and had fair hair—in fact, Cousin Lotty herself.

And then he said, "It will be a good thing for the girl, whoever she may be; for if Hume marries with my consent, he will inherit as a son would; if without it, not a shilling!"

And then Lotty laughed quietly, and looked at me with her eyes half shut and very green.

Of course it was nothing to me whom Hume Cardew married; but I was hurt at Uncle Tremlett's unkindness, and cried accordingly. When Hume met me he seemed much distressed to see my red eyes, and I was quite as much ashamed to show them. Besides, I could not tell him why I was so unhappy. It looked so babyish to go away and cry because one's uncle was cross. I was comforted, however, after this meeting, for Hume was so kind, so good; and there was something in his manner different from his usual way of speaking to me. I can not explain exactly what it was, but I don't think he would have spoken to Cousin Lotty as he did to me. I remember to this hour his look when he took my hand in both of his, and said, "Don't be downhearted, my little cousin. All will come right in time—better than we dare to hope now, either of us."

I puzzled myself greatly over this speech. Who did he mean by us? and what were we to dare to hope? However, his words and manner made me much happier than I had been for many days, and I think they all noticed the change in me; and I think, too, that both Lotty and Uncle Tremlett suspected it had something to do with Hume, for he suddenly got almost as cross to Hume as he was to myself; and Cousin Lotty was really too horrid, in the way in which she snubbed me, and flattered both him and Hume.

A few days after this Uncle Tremlett became very ill. No one knew what was the matter with him at first, but we all saw that it was something very dreadful. We were far away from any town, and could get no one to nurse him. Mamma, an invalid herself, and poor little Minnie, were of course unfit; Aunt Julia and Cousin Lotty were as helpless as two babies in a sick-room; one could not let Hume take up an office that seemed so entirely suited for women; so there was really only myself to undertake the charge. And as poor Uncle Tremlett was very ill indeed, it did not much signify who it was, so long as there was some one to attend to him quietly, and see that every thing went right. So I installed myself head nurse, and Cousin Lotty laughed at me to Hume, and said I was making a fuss, and that I did it to show off. I don't quite see where the show-off was!

When the doctor came he looked rather grave at us all, and on the second visit he told us that Uncle Tremlett had small-pox. You may imagine the despair and consternation of the house. Aunt Julia and Cousin Lotty left at once; they never waited even for the carriage to be sent, but went away as if the place was besieged. The doctor ordered mamma and Minnie away; but Uncle Robert, who had an obstinate fit on him, would not stir; and Hume too remained: I too. There was no one else to attend to the house or the poor dear invalid, at least for the first day or so, until we could get a nurse from London; and as I had already been under fire I had got all the damage I could, and of course could not go to mamma for fear of carrying the infection with me. There was nothing for it, then, but to stay at home and make the best of it. And the doctor said I did my part very well, and nursed as if I had been used to it. And Hume was satisfied with me also; which was a comfort, as he was Uncle Tremlett's son—or like his son.

The disease ran its course, and uncle did not die of it, but he did not get well. I do not know what else went wrong, but something did, and he got weaker and weaker, instead of better, when the fever and the spots went away. One day it seemed as if he could not live many hours. He was very, very weak, but quite sensible; and he called me to him, and asked me to forgive him for his harshness. I thought my heart would have broken, and yet I dared not show that I felt any thing, for fear of agitating him. All I could say was, "Don't, dear uncle, don't! You were right to show you were displeased with me, if I vexed you, though I did not mean it."

"No, I was not right, little dear," he said, very tenderly, very faintly. "I would not have minded but for the old hate. Any one else but him!"

I did not know what he meant, so could only stand smoothing his wasted hand, and trying my best to calm him. But I learned afterward that he meant Uncle Robert, and that it was that sad old story he was alluding to, which I will tell you presently.

After a long time of silence, the poor dear opened his eyes again, and said: "I wanted Hume to like you, Emmy. I liked you at the first; and if *her* son had married my niece, it would have pleased me. I did what I could, and now I fear it is too late. I made him take to Julia's daughter instead."

I looked down at this. I thought that if this was all his sorrow, poor man, he might soon be comforted; for Hume had told me that he didn't like Cousin Lotty, and I pitied her when he said that. I did not pity myself when he added that he did like me. However, this was not a time to think of one's own happiness, so I said nothing of it, but petted uncle a little, and quieted him, and then he went to sleep; and Hume came in and sat with me, watching him.

The next day he was even weaker, and I was really afraid to be left alone with him, expecting he would die on my hands; but the nurse said he would not, and went to lie down, and so I sat and waited and watched.

Suddenly he opened his eyes, and asked for Uncle Robert. I was frightened, but of course obeyed him, and went to the door to call a servant. Here I stumbled over Hume. He had been waiting in his own room, which was close to uncle's, to be at hand if he was wanted; and he volunteered to go for Uncle Robert, though he had never seen him yet. For all the time that he and Uncle Tremlett had been with us, Uncle Robert had shut himself up as I told you, going out only at dead of night when every one else was in bed; so he had not seen or been seen by either. Hume, nevertheless, went to summon him; and presently I heard a scream, and then a loud sobbing. I dared not leave the dying man, though I was in torture, afraid of Uncle Robert and for Hume: indeed, I did not know what I was afraid of. But after a long time of mingled sobs and a soothing, low, kindly voice—Hume's—I heard footsteps coming up the stairs, and Uncle Robert appeared, leaning on Hume, and looking up into his face with that expression in his own which meant "seeing angels"—the sweet old raptness back again. They both came to the bed, Hume all amazement, uncle all mild ecstasy and radiance, Uncle Tremlett lying like a man already dead, quite still and as if breathless, his small pinched face and wasted hands looking so pitiful, so heart-breaking.

Neither of my uncles looked at each other.

"That is right," said Mr. Tremlett, faintly, not opening his eyes. He seemed to know every thing now without seeing it.

"And he is *her* son?" breathed Uncle Robert, he too not looking at his ancient foe, but at Hume.

"Yes," said Mr. Tremlett, "and, since his death and hers, mine."

"Mine too," said Uncle Robert, with his sweet vague smile.

Poor Hume! I thought he was more than a little embarrassed at this reduplication of fathers; but he was very tender and good to the dear crazed brain.

Then Uncle Tremlett made a faint movement with his feeble hand.

"Shake hands before I die," he gasped, "and say you forgive me, Robert."

"I forgive you, from my soul, James. Why not? Is She not always with me?" said Uncle Robert, smiling; but the tears were fast falling from his eyes, though they had their ecstatic look too.

"Hume, my boy, my Mabel's son, your hand," said poor Uncle Tremlett, yet more feebly; "yours, Emmy, little angel-girl."

We put our hands into his: he joined them, and his lips murmured, "God bless you."

He smiled and looked pleased when Hume leaned over me, and took me to him and kissed me.

I can tell you no more; there was something very dreadful then—a noise, a something; don't ask me what: all I know is, that I found myself on the sofa some time late in the evening, with the nurse and doctor, and Uncle Robert, and Hume—my Hume—all about me, and I very ill, and feeling very odd. But I did not have small-pox, only a kind of nervous attack that did not last long; and when I recovered—well! I would have gone through a hundred times as much to be so happy!

So this is exactly how it happened; and in no other way. Aunt Julia and Cousin Lotty at the first cut me; but, now that I am married, they have thought better of it, and have come round to me again; and I forgive them all they said of me. They certainly did say awful things; and Lotty, once, more than hinted that I had poisoned Uncle Tremlett that I might marry Hume, whom he would have disinherited if I had while he was alive, and whom he had expressly forbidden to think of me, "having other views for him." But I knew that was not true. Hume, the son of the only woman he had ever loved, or that Uncle Robert had ever loved, and whom he had induced to break off her engagement with Uncle Robert in the hope of winning her to himself—but you see he did not, for she married Mr. Cardew instead—Hume was destined for me from that first evening, if he would take as strong a liking to me as Mr. Tremlett himself did. For, being Uncle Robert's favorite niece, it seemed in some way to atone for his base conduct to him in those early years, at least in his own mind; and I knew that he died happier, reconciled to his old victim, and leaving one of mamma's daughters, and his niece, safe with Hume as his promised wife, and consequent heiress to his own fortune.

WAITING FOR THE SORTIE.

The sketch on our first page, representing a group of Prussian soldiers on the look-out for the enemy in front of Paris, will give our readers an idea, not only of what hard work is entailed by winter operations, but of what a scene of desolation must now be presented by the once pleasant villas around Paris. Their contents are made to do duty in the besiegers' works, and no doubt many of those Frenchmen who made such determined efforts to break through the German lines stormed barricades bristling with their own chair legs, and made up of their own choice furniture. In one of those villages so hotly contested during the great sortie, we read of a brave lady who, in spite of Prussians, bullets, and shells, still clung to her home, and sat quietly among her possessions while the battle raged around her; but it is a solitary example of nerve and almost superhuman pluck, and we are glad to learn that hitherto she has succeeded in preserving her surroundings intact.

The following extract from a letter of Dr. Russell in the London *Times* is apropos of our subject: "It was a saying of 'old Fritz' that the Prussian soldier should be always '*en vedette.*' He is so assuredly here—never more so than on the 2d and 3d, when he stood in Champigny, Brie, etc., within fifty yards of his Frenchman—each behind his barricade, and each ready for the attack of the other. On the morning of the 4th, as you know, all the French had disappeared, and, as a German officer said, 'they did not leave even a button behind them.' This cold weather completes the work of ruin. If any 'happy home' had a door left, or a table, or chair, in the wrecked villages, it has gone now in the flames of many watch-fires and camp-kitchens. An amateur told me that nothing burned so well as 'piano wood,' and that he had no idea of its value, having never had an opportunity of testing the property before."

PARIS AND ITS FORTIFICATIONS.

In the event of the bombardment of Paris, which now appears to be imminent, the double-page map of that city and the encircling fortifications, which we publish this week, will be found exceedingly valuable and interesting. The first attack will probably be made upon the east side, where Fort Avron, an insignificant outwork in itself, but important as regards position, was taken by the Prussians on the 29th ult., after one day's bombardment. Forts Rosny and Nogent will probably be the next objects of their attention.

The following is a key to the principal places shown in the map: 1, Arc de l'Étoile; 2, Église Russe; 3, Parc de Monceaux; 4, Champs Elysées; 5, Palais de l'Industrie; 6, Palais de l'Elysée; 7, St. Augustin; 8, Gare de Chemin de Fer de l'Ouest Rive droite; 9, Montmartre; 10, Église de la Trinité; 11, Église de la Madeleine; 12, Ministère de la Marine; 13, Place de la Concorde; 14, Corps Législatif; 15, St. Clotilde; 16, Hôtel des Invalides; 17, École Militaire; 18, Institution de Ste. Périne; 19, Abattoir de Grenelle; 20, Gare de Chemin de Fer de l'Ouest; 21, Cimetière de Mont Parnasse; 22, Palais de Luxembourg; 23, St. Sulpice; 24, St. Germain des Près; 25, Palais de Tuileries; 26, Place Vendôme; 27, Opera; 28, College Roland; 29, Gare du Nord; 30, Gare de l'Est; 31, Hôpital Militaire; 32, Prison St. Lazare; 33, St. Vincent de Paul; 34, Porte St. Denis; 35, Porte St. Martin; 36, Opera; 37, La Bourse; 38, Palais Royal; 39, Halle au Blé; 40, Halles Centrales; 41, St. Germain l'Auxerrois; 42, St. Jacques de la Boucherie; 43, Palais de Justice; 44, Tribunal de Commerce; 45, Ste. Chapelle; 46, Notre Dame; 47, St. Severin; 48, St. Étienne du Mont; 49, St. Barbe; 50, St. Genevieve; 51, Observatoire; 52, Asile Clinique des Aliénés, 53, Gare de Sçeaux; 54, Marché; 55, Abattoir de Villejuif; 56, Gare d'Orleans; 57, Jardin des Plantes; 58, Halles aux Vins; 59, St. Louis; 60, St. Gervais; 61, Hôtel de Ville; 62, Théâtre de la Gaité; 63, Conservatoire des Arts; 64, Marché du Temple; 65, Canal St. Martin; 66, Bassin de la Villette; 67, Marché aux Bestiaux; 68, Parc des Buttes Chaumont; 69, St. Jean Baptiste; 70, Cimetière du Père la Chaise; 71, Prison de la Roquette; 72, Hôpital des Incurables; 73, Place de la Bastile; 74, Place du Trône; 75, Hôpital St. Eugénie; 76, Gare de Vincennes; 77, Grenier de Réserve; 78, Gare de l'Arsenal; 79, Prison Mazas; 80, Gare de Lyon.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Two Emeralders working on a new building were dry, and one bet the other a pint of whisky that he could not carry him to the roof in his hod. No sooner said than done. Mike shouldered Pat, and after a slow and painful tugging, dumped the precious burden on the roof. "Ah, Mikey, my boy," said Pat, rather crest-fallen, "you've won the bet; but mind yez, as yez was passin' the fourth story yez stumbled, an' I had hopes."

An anecdote is told of a certain Highland hotel-keeper. He was one day bickering with an Englishman in the lobby of the inn regarding the bill. The stranger said it was a gross imposition—he could live cheaper in the best hotel in London; to which the landlord with nonchalance replied, "Oh, nae doot, Sir, nae doot; but do ye no ken the reason?" "No, not a bit of it," said the stranger, hastily. "Weel, then," replied the host, "as ye seem to be a sensible callant, I'll tell ye: there's 365 days in the Lunnon hotel-keeper's calendar, but we have only three months in ours'—do ye understand me noo, frien'?—we maun mak hay in the Hielans when the sun shines, for its unco seldom she dis't!"

A NICE LETTER.

My Lovin Wife.—Ime comin ome nex week and hav forgiv you fer jawin me. Ile come on the 7 o'clock trane and shall stay ome hereafter & tri to be an altered man. I want peace and so do yew why shouldn't we luv each other as we used ter when we first jined together in the wholly bands of madlock ive jined a temperance society but if yew ever jaw me agin for commin ome I'll wollap yew like 6ty fur we must have peese as grant sea.

A couple of youngsters of twelve years were looking into a tobacco-shop close by, and one cried out to the other: "I'd like to smoke a cent's worth of tobacco." "Well," said the other, "buy a cent's worth." "Ah! as luck will have it, I haven't the cent." "Hold on! I've got two cents." "That's the ticket! just the thing; one for the pipe and one for the tobacco." "Oh yes; but what am I to do?" "You? Oh! you shall be stockholder; you can spit."

The newspapers are full of advertisements for plain cooks. We suppose pretty cooks have no occasion to advertise at all.

A Bavarian officer in France found one of his men cleaning a chicken. "Hallo!" cried he, "fellow, where did you get that chicken? Don't you know that stealing has been forbidden on pain of death?" "A peasant woman gave it to me," was the answer. "And what did she say?" "Well, she didn't say much. She only cried."

If brooks are, as the poets call them, the most joyous things in nature, what are they always murmuring about?

"Looking at the aurora borealis" is the excuse heads of families and young men give now at breakfast for being out late the previous evening.

A Slight Mistake.—"Pray bestow your charity, young gentleman, on a poor blind man," said a beggar to a person passing by. "If you are blind, my good fellow, how did you know that I was young?" "Oh, Sir! I made a mistake," said the beggar; "pray give a trifle to a poor dumb man!"

A wicked World—Marble's.

The following question is now being discussed before the Bungtown Debating Society: "Can a big man ache harder than a little one?"

When Mr. Dodge, electric physician, was lecturing through the State on the laws of health, he happened to meet, one morning, at the breakfast-table, a witty son of Erin, of the better class. Conversation turned on the doctor's favorite subject, as follows: "Perhaps you think I would be unable to convince you of the deleterious effect of tea and coffee?" "I don't know," said Erin; "but I'd like to be there when you do it." "Well," said the doctor, "if I convince you that they are injurious to your health, will you abstain from their use?" "Sure, and I will, Sir." "How often do you use coffee and tea?" asked the doctor. "Morning and night, Sir." "Well, do you ever experience a slight dizziness of the brain on going to bed?" "Indeed, I do." "And a sharp pain through the temples, in and about the eyes, in the morning?" "Troth, I do, Sir." "Well," said the doctor, with an air of assurance and confidence in his manner, "that is the tea and coffee." "Is it, indeed! Faith, and I always thought it was the whisky I drank."

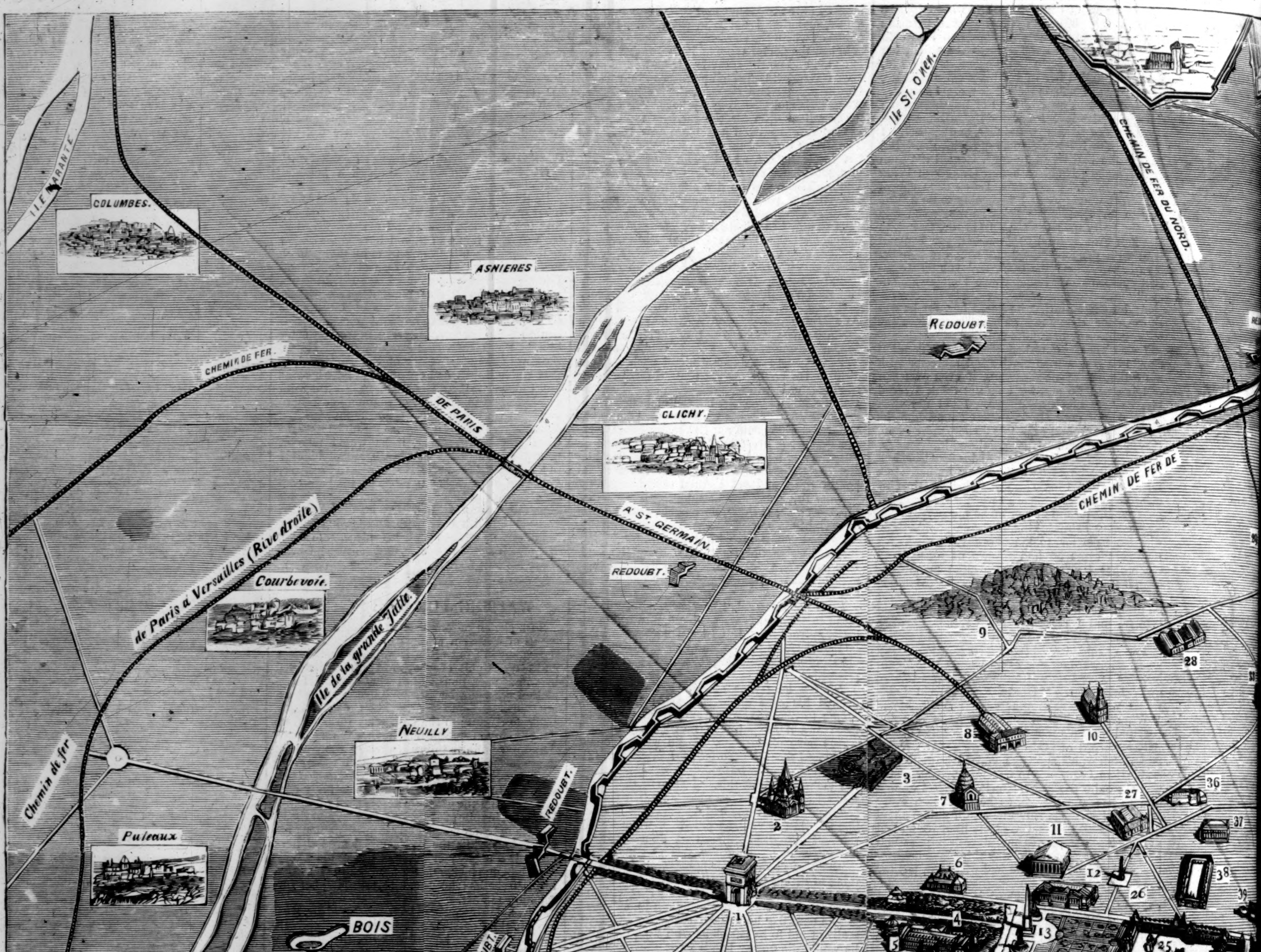
During the making up of the census the residence of a well-to-do farmer, about sixty years old, was visited. The farmer had married his second wife about eight years before, and among other questions the census-taker asked, "What is your wife's given name?" The old man looked up, then he looked down, then opened his eyes, apparently perfectly astonished; finally his mouth opened, and he said: "Well, I declare! I really don't know! I think it is Betsy Ann Phillips, but I'll go round into the cow-yard and ask her." And away he went.

One of our young acquaintances, not long since, was endeavoring to enjoy an evening in the company of a young lady, fair and entertaining, upon whom he called, but found a serious obstacle in the person of her stern and not very cordial father, who at length ventured to very plainly intimate that the hour for retiring had arrived. "I think you are correct, my dear Sir," returned the unabashed young man. "We have been waiting to have you go to bed for over an hour."

An Oshkosh lady being presented with a card-case by an admirer, wished "he had given her a bigger one. This little thing won't hold more'n half a deck."

Irritating the Feelings—After rolling all night in your berth at sea, till you are miserably sick, to have a steward ask you in the morning if you will have a fresh roll for breakfast.

A newly married lady in Chicago complained to her ma that on her reception day her card-basket was overrun with circulars from lawyers announcing terms for divorce. "So absurd, you know, ma, before our honeymoon is over." "True, dear," replied ma (who had been twice divorced), "but I'd put them in a safe place; you may find them very useful in a year or two."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COLUMBES
ASNIERES
Ile St. Ouen
CHEMIN DE FER DU NORD
REDOUBT
CHEMIN DE FER
DE PARIS
A ST. GERMAIN
CLICHY
CHEMIN DE FER DE
REDOUBT
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Courbevoie
Ile de la grande Jatte
NEUILLY
REDOUBT
Chemin de fer
Puteaux
BOIS
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MONT VALERIEN
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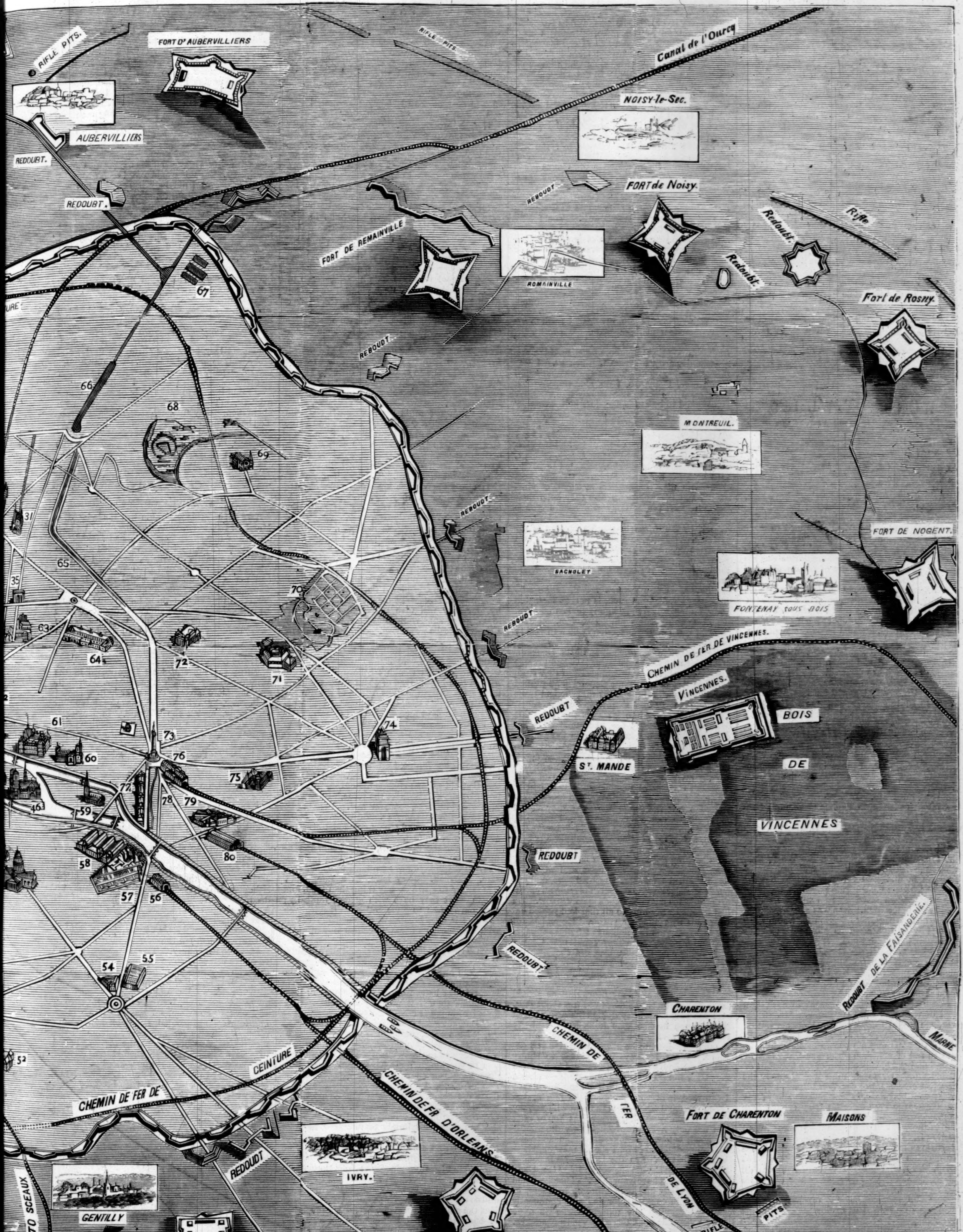
PARIS—SHOWING THE POSITIONS OF THE PRINCIPA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NOISY-le-Sec.
REDOUBT
FORT de Noisy.
Rifle
Redoubt.
Redoubt.
FORT DE ROMAINVILLE
ROMAINVILLE
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MONTREUIL.
REDOUBT.
BAGNOLET
FORT DE NOGENT.
FONTENAY SOUS BOIS
REDOUBT
CHEMIN DE FER DE VINCENNES.
VINCENNES.
BOIS
DE
VINCENNES
REDOUBT
ST. MANDE
REDOUBT
REDOUBT
REDOUBT DE LA FAISANDERIE.
CHARENTON
MARNE
CHEMIN DE
FER
DE LYON
CEINTURE
CHEMIN DE FER DE
CHEMIN DE FR D'ORLEANS
FORT DE CHARENTON
MAISONS
REDOUBT
IVRY.
ROAD TO SCEAUX
GENTILLY
RIFLE
RIFLE
PITS
Fort B
Fort de Bicêtre.
Fort d'Ivry.

TA NGS, FORTS, VILLAGES, AND RAILWAYS.—[SEE PAGE 31.]

IN WINTER.

THE snow hides field and hill,
And gathers in the wood;
The land, at winter's will,
Is made a solitude;
The streams forget their speech, the winds are grown more rude.

These ways I loved so well
Have lost their summer cheer,
And naught is left to tell
Of days that were so dear,
Save happy evergreens that gladden all the year.

For summer's wealth of shade,
For bloom and warmth and scent,
For sights and sounds that made
The eye and ear content,
Fulfilling all we deemed spring's prophecies had meant,

We have—the naked bough,
Thin shadows on the snow,
Clear skies that disallow
Their ancient, tender glow,
Pale sunbeams like the ghosts of those we used to know.

All those soft winds are gone
That cheered the wayward spring,
And Nature is forlorn—
For birds have taken wing,
And brook and breeze and bee have done their gossiping.

Forlorn—and yet more grand,
In her stern purity,
Than when the merry land
Laughed out from grass and tree;
She buries her old loves, and waits for what shall be.

She waits the slow increase
That former years have lent;
She keeps a wondrous peace
Beyond all accident
And in her changing moods there is no discontent.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. MARSHALL.

NOTWITHSTANDING the rude rebuff with which, as she imagined, her approaches toward Miss Denham had been received, Mrs. Marshall was not discouraged. She was determined to make friends with a young lady who was acknowledged to be the belle of *The Grand*, and likely to reign there during her stay. The humiliation was not greater, perhaps, than many of us are prepared to undergo under analogous, if not quite similar circumstances. We "put up" with a great deal in order to win the acquaintance of celebrities of all sorts; and if in this case the reflected splendor of such a friendship could be but short-lived, on the other hand, it would be patent to all eyes. It would not be necessary to state Mabel's claims to admiration, as it unhappily so often is with literary, scientific, and other lions. Her surpassing beauty spoke for itself. To be seen with her, even as chaperon, duenna, or familiar gossip, would be to hold a position in the hotel of some social importance, and one which would make the young men civil to her; and the civilities of young men were very welcome to Mrs. Marshall. This respectable old lady resembled in some respects an individual whom she would have liked to have known immensely—the Wandering Jew. Her age was fabulous; lost, indeed, in the mist of ages. She had neither relative nor a home, but passed her life in migrations from place to place. If Timbuctoo had become a fashionable resort, in Timbuctoo she would undoubtedly have been found at the due season. In the early spring she honored Brighton with her presence; with her man Melcombe, and her maid-servant Janet, she took up her quarters at the Megatherium mansion (on the West Cliff), where she delighted its proprietor by her condescension in dining at the public table; but the fact was, that to have dined with less than a dozen people would have given this devotee of society an indigestion. She was ever greedy for new acquaintances, her affection for whom grew as rapidly and perished as abruptly as Jack's bean-stalk in the fairy tale. If any of them were celebrities, so much the better; and they must have been exclusive, indeed, and wary as the Indian of the prairies, to have eluded her attentions. But, if unknown to fame, she conferred upon them such attributes as, if they had not been evolved from her imagination, would have been well deserving of a public statue. Mr. Brown was, she would assure you, "altogether out of the common way," and "a most superior person;" that "it was a treat to listen to him, he was so full of anecdote;" he was "the best of men," and "a blood-relation of the late Earl of Babbleton." Or Mrs. Smith was "simply the sweetest creature, my dear"—she called almost every one "my dear," quite independent of sex or age—"the *very* sweetest that I have ever come across. None of your talkers, but oh, so full of thought! To see her tat—you know what tatting is, of course—it's quite a picture!"

If three months afterward you should chance to mention these amazing folks to Mrs. Marshall, she would pretend to have forgotten all about them. "My Janet will remember, I dare say; she has the most wonderful recollection for names and people; but for my part I see so many new faces." But in this the old lady did her own powers of memory great injustice; she forgot neither face nor name; and upon her recollection of such matters she relied, and with reason, for the prosecution of her social calling. Her new favorites eclipsed her old ones without absolutely erasing them. She went to London for a few weeks in the season, because "all the world" could not be there without her. But she did not like town; the hotels had too shifting a tenantry to suit her, and, of course, a London boarding-house was "not to be thought of." Such was her own expression; but the fact was that she had thought of it more than once, and with some favor, but she was afraid of broaching the subject to Melcombe. He was a man, upon whose calves if you had placed black gaiters, who would have passed for a bishop any where, except in the colonies, for which he would have been far too august. In the autumn Mrs. Marshall plumed her wings for Leamington, Scarborough, Matlock, or Shingleton-on-Sea, where we now find her. In the winter she moulted, it was not known where, but it is my belief she went to Bath. At all events, in the spring, when she came out quite fresh again, she used to vaguely attribute that miracle to "the waters;" and it is certainly at Bath that ladies of her description do hibernate in prodigious numbers. She had also a store of marvelous anecdotes connected with card-playing—such as how General Jones and others had sat up to their knees in cards for eight-and-forty hours at a stretch, or rather without a stretch—which could only have emanated from that dissolute but superannuated city. A necessary result of Mrs. Marshall's constant migrations and protracted experience was, that she knew somebody wherever she went, or, if not themselves, their relatives up to the fourth generation. She had met Mrs. Frederick Pennant's mother years ago, when the latter was herself a bride, and upon that indisputable ground had made acquaintance with her daughter.

"When I look at you, my dear, I seem to see your poor dear mamma again. We lost sight of one another for many years, but we were fast friends at one time, though, of course, there was a great disparity of years between us. I was three times her age then—for she was but a girl—and now, I suppose, I am four times yours. Your good husband is amazingly like what my Henry used to be at his age, just half a century ago. Here's his portrait on this bracelet. The hair and eyes and features are different, but the complexion, you see, is very similar. My Henry did not joke so much as yours—he had too classical a mind for humor—rather severe, perhaps, until you came to know him. He died in youth. Thank you, I always carry my own smelling-salts about with me. I get them at Cox's, at Harrogate, and it's wonderful how they keep their strength. If you use my name—and you're quite welcome—you are sure to get the best. I have it by the dozen bottles, on account of my extreme sensibility, and also because there is a reduction upon taking a quantity."

Mrs. Marshall was not a character to suit Mrs. Frederick Pennant's taste, but the claim she had made to her acquaintanceship could be scarcely disallowed. One's father's friend, or he who professes to have been such, is not, as men well know, an individual to be lightly shaken off; and the same thing holds among women. Under cover of this family connection (which in reality had consisted in the interchange of a few formal visits between Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Denham, upon which occasions the latter lady had become a sacrifice to her own scrupulous regard for truth by being "at home") "the General" had pushed her advances with Julia so far that she had twice reached the Pennants' private sitting-room. Frederick had stood to his guns the first time, or rather, too brave to flee, had remained to endure all the horrors incident to an indefensible post which was carried by assault. An Englishman's house is his castle, and a first-floor apartment at *The Grand*, he had fondly thought, was equally inviolate. The fire and sword of Mrs. Marshall's eloquent reminiscence had laid it waste, however, for a full hour, and he had registered a vow that, *with him in it*, they should never do so again. On the second invasion, therefore, when the herald brought the summons to surrender, or, in other words, the waiter presented Mrs. Marshall's card, Frederick had with uncalculating precipitation fled into the balcony, from which there was no outlet, and where he had remained for hours, wild with rage, and exposed to the gravest suspicion of playing an eavesdropper at his next neighbor's open window. He had listened willy-nilly to all that had passed between his wife and her visitor. He had heard the latter express her delight at finding the former quite alone, since they could now have a "nice long chat together over old times." She had even congratulated Julia upon his being "out," little guessing, poor old soul, that he was only outside.

"It is just as well, my dear, that he should leave you at times; so don't you fret about *that*, as I see you have been doing: he will not get tired of you half so soon if he has his liberty occasionally. It's not in man's nature, as it is in ours, my dear, to be always attentive and devoted. What I always used to say to Henry when I saw him getting moped was, 'Don't mind me, Hen, but go and have your fling'—rather a vulgar expression, you are thinking, my dear; I can read it in your eye; but the fact is, between man and wife—you are not a wife yet, my dear; you may think you are, but you're not; you are only a bride, which is very different—it's much better, I say, between man and wife, to be outspoken. If ever I should marry again—What's that noise in the balcony? It sounds like a cat spitting. Where was I? 'Oh, Hen,' said I, 'go and have your fling.' Then he would go to his study and read Plutarch or Plato, or something of that sort, for he had an eminently classical mind. The nature of the fling, of course, depends upon one's husband's character. I dare say Mr. Pennant, now, is having a quiet game at billiards. There's no harm in that except in what it leads to. I've a dear old Scotch friend—a lady of the first quality, with a title in her own right—'I dinna mind Donald' (that's her husband)—'dinna mind his drinkin', and—and—sic-like,' she says; 'but what I do object to is his takin' to cards or sic things as you lose money by.' And do you warn your husband against betting with that Major Pomeroy at billiards. My dear, he would win the shirt off his back, as I have known him to do, or something very like it, with half a dozen other young men, who had no suspicion of what was going to happen to them. He looks so old and decrepit, you see, that they are naturally desirous to challenge him; they expect an easy victory, and then they find themselves in the wrong box. He is as sharp as a ferret, and looks uncommonly like one with his wig off. My dear, I have *seen* him in a place that shall be nameless—well, I may tell *you* in confidence that it was at my Lord Bilberry's, after a picnic in the open air—I have *seen* that man put his wig on the end of his walking-stick for coolness, and because he had had too much Champagne, and laugh like a demon. There's that nasty cat again. My dear, I see nothing to laugh at in a man's making old age ridiculous in that manner. The idea of his taking off the wig that Heaven had given to him—for it had supplied him with the means to procure it—and exposing his gray hairs in that manner! You wouldn't like to see *me* do it, I hope." (Mrs. Pennant hung her head, and covered her face with her hands, while her whole frame shook with emotion.) "Of course not; you are sorry even to hear me suggest such a thing. Puss! puss! I hate a cat, because of that horrible idea of its sucking your breath when you're asleep; but I always speak civilly to the creatures, especially when they are black. It may be superstitious, but there must have been something in all those stories about black cats and witchcraft; and, like the gentleman who took off his hat to the fallen statue of Jupiter, I always wish to be on the safe side in every thing. Why does a cat spit, for instance? Tell me that. She doesn't smoke like a man, you know, and she can't be *always* quarreling with her husband. The thing's inexplicable. My dear, *would* you mind my pulling the bell, and ordering myself a cup of tea? I generally take one at this time, and especially if I can get a nice person to listen to me. I talk so much better over tea, just as a man does over his cigar. You must let me have it put down to my own bill; you must, indeed. Very well, if you insist; else I know some husbands don't like it: 'Here's a shilling,' they say, 'for that horrible old woman's tea.' Money, my dear, is the touch-stone of the male character. As for women, they are all mean, or nearly so. Ah! you think otherwise; but then you haven't lived quite so long in the world as I have. Of course, they are very tender-hearted; they'll give their tears quite cheerfully to any tale of distress—but that's all. They are worse than the American gentleman who considered that three-cent pieces were invented especially for the exercise of charity, for they will give nothing. I once went round to get subscriptions at Leamington to buy a poor would-be washer-woman a mangle. The excuses, my dear, from the great ladies—patronesses of the Hospital Ball, and holders of stalls at the Fancy Fair in aid of the Lunatic Asylum—were such as you wouldn't believe if they were written in a book. One of them discovered that the washer-woman did not belong to the Church of England, and tried to pick a quarrel with me (sooner than pay) for endeavoring to entrap her into subscribing toward a Presbyterian mangle. Another—it was the Dowager Lady Grimjaw—protested that nothing would have given her greater pleasure, but that she had passed a solemn promise to her husband on his death-bed not to indulge in indiscriminate charity. To tell me that that old woman is gone to heaven, my dear, is to give me a distaste for the place. But all women are skin-flints, more or less. I should be one myself if Melcombe would let me; but he keeps me straight, and puts a stop to all my little economies in the bud."

Here, for the first time, Mrs. Pennant ventured to interpose a remark beyond an interjection. "I think you are too hard upon our sex, Mrs. Marshall. They have, as a rule, much less money to spare for any thing than men, and obtain what they have with greater difficulty; they have often to press and press for it, even when it is due, because the man will not part with his means of extravagance and dissipation—"

"Oh, my goodness!" interrupted the old lady. "If he is so bad as that when he is a bridegroom, what will he come to, my poor dear, before the first six months are out? I am as sorry I have had this tea as can be. I have no more taste for it now than if it was hay-and-water. You *must* let me put it down to my own account."

"But, my good Mrs. Marshall," remonstrated Ju, "I am not speaking of *my* husband."

"Yes, yes; of course, of course. You're quite right to say that. But whose husband can you be speaking of, my poor dear? But if he does keep you short, he's not worse than the rest of them, I do assure you. There's that nasty cat again. I'll give it this cream, for it would choke me now to swallow it. Puss! puss!"

"No, you musn't; indeed, you musn't," said Julia, rising precipitately to interpose between the old lady and her purpose. "My husband hates cats, and cream would only encourage the creature." Her terror lest Fred should be discovered in his hiding-place gave Julia the courage of despair; she protested that she had to go and dress, in order to be ready to walk out with him, and so contrived to get rid of the common enemy. But the alarm this invasion inspired in the breast of both bride and bridegroom was permanent, and the door of their apartment had been jealously guarded against her ever since.

Mrs. Marshall herself was dimly conscious that she was shunned; but her desire to make the acquaintance of the admired Mabel now gave her an audacity even beyond the intrepidity with which nature had endowed her.

She had fortunately overheard Mr. Flint invite Mr. Pennant to smoke a cigar with him after dinner; and when the ladies rose from the table d'hôte, she at once addressed herself to Julia.

"My dear," said she, "since you are going to be alone with your sweet sister, can you 'do with me,' as the Irish call it, just for half an hour? I have got something very particular to tell you; and as the daughter of my beloved old friend—Thank you, my dear; I knew you would. You needn't introduce me to Miss Mabel—she will excuse me calling her by her Christian name—because I have introduced myself. I shall borrow her arm to help me up these stairs. There's a dear, good girl. How all the young men are envying me, I'll wager!"

She had conquered; but the victory had been gained, as it were, by a dead lift. Mrs. Pennant's acquiescence had not been over-gracious, and she now felt angry with herself for having given way at all. She knew it would vex her husband to find this dreadful old lady established in their room when he returned, and she even suspected that her admission had been obtained under false pretenses.

"Well, Mrs. Marshall, and what is your news?" inquired she, somewhat austerely, when they had all three seated themselves in front of the open window.

"My news?" returned Mrs. Marshall, with her accustomed vivacity, not unpreceded, however, by a start of surprise. "Yes, yes; very true; I must not forget my news. My dear Mrs. Pennant, my sweet Miss Mabel, you will be the first to hear about it. I promised myself that you two should be the very first. You saw those two gentlemen who came so late to the table d'hôte. Every body saw them, of course, and every body is talking of them. Such a very remarkable pair, and such a contrast! Major Pomeroy would give his head to be here; he won't find it easy to make *their* acquaintance in a hurry, not he. Well, my dears, I know all about them—they are the Wapshots of Winthrop. You have heard of them, without doubt. What! Not of the Wapshots of— What am I talking of? I meant, of course, to say that they were the Winthrops of Wapshot."

CHAPTER IV.

"A LADY'S CONFAB."

THE remarkable revelation just made by Mrs. Marshall to her two young companions had by no means the effect which she had looked for. The Denham family had been "buried alive" in an obscure southern village, separated by the whole length of England from Wapshot, which had but a very uncertain sound in their ears. They knew that it was not a cathedral city; but beyond that they knew nothing more than that such a place existed. The name was not one of those which at once absorbed the attention—such as Great Grimsby—and they would not have even known where to look for it on the map. Mrs. Frederick Pennant confessed her ignorance upon this vital point with considerable *sang froid*.

"But you must at least have heard of the Winthrops, my love," argued Mrs. Marshall, growing more affectionate as her hostess cooled in manner. "Why, the Winthrops are the oldest family, except the Howards, in England. They have had the most curious hereditary disease—I think it's on the first joint of the little finger; but we shall soon see *that*—for five hundred years. You *must* have heard of the Winthrops."

"We never have," returned Mrs. Pennant, wearily, "I do assure you. What have they ever done?"

"Done, my dear? What strange ideas you have! I hope it is not necessary, at least in this country, for an old family like that to have *done* any thing, to be respected or looked up to. They have lived in the same place, father and son, since the Conquest."

"My dear Mrs. Marshall," returned her hostess, laughing, "there is a farmer in our parish—although he is decayed in fortune now, and, indeed, his son is the postman—whose family has done the same; yet, I dare say, *you* have never heard of *them*?"

"But, my dear Mrs. Pennant, the Winthrops have always had ten thousand a year, and given the tone to the county. This man—the very one you have just seen down stairs—is the first of his line who ever thought of leaving the Hall. Wapshot Hall is one of the show-places of England, with a priest's hole, and a haunted wing, and every thing. Well, instead of staying there, as was expected of him, no sooner did he come of age than he married, and took his wife all round the world for her honey-moon. I remember the sensation which the matter created in society as though it happened yesterday. Of course every body thought he wanted to kill her, which seemed so strange in a bridegroom; and nobody was at all surprised when he came home again without her."

"Poor thing!" exclaimed Mabel, pitifully; "it did kill her, then, did it?"

"Listen, and you shall hear, my dear. Yes; another cup of tea, if you please, for telling stories always parches my throat; if I was much of a talker I should soon die, that's certain. No; Mr. Winthrop didn't kill his bride—or rather his wife, for the affair happened some months after they set sail—but he did worse, if any thing—he lost her!"

"Lost her!" echoed both the young ladies, with genuine interest; "do you mean that she was drowned at sea?"

"Not a bit of it, my dears. Better for her, perhaps, if she had been, for Heaven only knows what she went through. She was cast away upon a desert island."

"What! alone?"

"Yes; or, at least, I believe she had a servant with her; but *he* was eaten by the savages."

"Lor, Mrs. Marshall!"

The *raconteur's* victory was complete. Both the young ladies drew nearer—"hitched their chairs up" we should have written had they been men, for that is what they *did*—and anxiously regarded their visitor. "Eaten? Why, I thought you said the island was uninhabited?"

"Well, there was nobody there, my dears, to be called any body. Let me see; it was not Aragon, of course—Aragon is not an island. Ah! it was Patagonia."

"The land of giants!" ejaculated Mabel.

"Just so, my love; but not a wheeled conveyance in the place, let alone a caravan. It has been always a matter of surprise to me she didn't write a book about it; Lady Hester Stanhope did, you know, as well as many other ladies of quality who have had similar experiences. But, as far as I remember, Lady Hester never came home again, so there was no advantage in her case, whereas Mrs. Winthrop did, and would without doubt have been a lion—it's curious one never says lioness, when it's a female—nay, *the* lion of the London season, and paid all her expenses in Patagonia besides; not that *they* would have been much, by all accounts; she could not have gone into society, for there was none to go into; and as for milliners' bills, there was a heartless joke, I remember, at the time, of her having come home 'in weeds.'"

"My dear Mrs. Marshall!" exclaimed Julia, reprovingly.

"It was most unfeeling, my dear, I know that—I only mention the fact to exhibit the want of feeling of the fashionable world. The Winthrop necklace—made of sea-shells—had quite a run throughout that summer."

"But how in the world came this poor lady to be cast ashore without her husband?" inquired Mrs. Pennant. "What became of the ship?"

"Oh, the ship was all safe enough; the ship was in the Sound—as I was told the story—though it could hardly have been within hearing. I don't understand those nautical matters myself. My own idea is that she and the servant were being towed in the boat behind, and that her husband slyly undid the rope and sailed away. I can't answer for the actual facts. Naval accounts are always so obscure. Admiral Boreas, to whom I narrated the thing, said that Winthrop must have 'cut the painter;' but I could make nothing of his remark, for Mr. Winthrop painted himself—I mean, of course, pictures, and not as the Patagonians did—in a small way; and so it was *she*, as I told the admiral, if any body, who must have cut the painter. But he only laughed in his rude, loud way; he was what is called a very 'bluff' man, and died (as I always said he would) of an apoplexy."

"But how did this poor lady get home again?" inquired Mabel.

"Well, it was something connected with the trade-winds, whatever they are, that brought her. An English ship, just four years afterward, was waiting for the trade-winds, or driven by the trade-winds, off the coast of Patagonia, and picked her up on the sea-shore, with her child."

"With her child?" ejaculated Mrs. Frederick, with quite a little scream.

"Well, yes, of course. The fact is, Mrs. Winthrop, poor dear soul, was in an interesting situation when she was cast away, and, of course, not so much as a pin-cushion in the way of preparation. But, however, Heaven tempers the wind to the infant without baby-linen, and both mother and child did uncommonly well. The savage people treated them both with great kindness, though it may sometimes have been misdirected—they would not let her cut up her own food, for one thing, and they had not such an article as a knife among them; and their drinks were made very much in the same way. 'Manners none, and customs abominable,' as the midshipman said. Yes, I'll have one more cup of tea, my dear, since you are so good; and that shall be the last, for I make a point of never exceeding five."

"But, my dear Mrs. Marshall," said the hostess, when she had complied with this modest demand, "what was the husband—this Mr. Winthrop of Wapshot—doing all this time?"

"Well, my dear, he was living quite broken-hearted upon the family estate, from which he ought never to have stirred, except at the due seasons. He apparently did all he could to recover his wife, perhaps he was really sorry when he found he had got rid of her—husbands sometimes are. A storm drove the ship out to sea on the very day the boat was missing; but he returned as soon as he could—it cost him a mint of money to persuade the captain—and remained off and on the coast for weeks. At last he gave up the matter in despair, came home, and buried himself in seclusion. The county families were thus placed in a most embarrassing position, since nobody of any consideration could permit his daughter to marry a man whose estate was entailed, and whose lawful wife and child might turn up at any time. And very lucky it was for all parties that he remained single, since, exactly four years after his sad loss, Mrs. Winthrop reappeared again with the son and heir—that very handsome young man, my dears, whom you have just seen with his father at the table d'hôte."

"A very bold and impudent young man," observed Mrs. Pennant; "I never was so stared at in my life."

"A young man with ten thousand a year in land entailed upon him can afford to stare, my dear; his manners may be Patagonian, but so is his fortune, you must recollect. It assumed giant proportions during these four years which Mr. Winthrop spent in seclusion; though, of late, they do say that the young man himself has made a considerable hole in his father's savings."

"But what has become of his mother?" inquired Mabel. "It seems to me that she is the most interesting person of the three."

"She may have been at one time, my dear; but the fact is, she has been dead these twelve months, though I see that Mr. Winthrop, who has excellent taste, still wears slight mourning for her. I'll look in the 'County Families,' which I always carry about me—that and the Bible, my dear, are the only books that an old woman like me need possess—but I don't think he can be a day more than forty. Upon my word, if I was a young girl, I should be puzzled to know which to take—the son or the father."

"My dear Mrs. Marshall," expostulated Julia, "how can you say such things!"

Mabel was looking out to sea, thinking, perhaps, of the unhappy lady cast away by the cruel waves on that far-off inhospitable shore; and she did not see the expressive glance which her sister gave toward herself in disapproval of the old lady's remark.

Mrs. Marshall nodded a great number of times, to show that she understood the reproof, and then smiled as many more, to prove that it had not put her out of temper.

"Quite right, my dear," she whispered, yet not so low but that, in so calm an evening, Mabel could hear every syllable; "one shouldn't put such things into young people's heads. It is not natural to them to entertain such ideas. It is the young man, of course, who takes their fancy. A gentleman of forty seems to them to rival Methuselah. Your dear mother, indeed, showed a mature judgment at a comparatively early age; but it's not usual."

"Hush!" exclaimed Mrs. Pennant, imperatively, and pointing to the further window, which was closed, but through which could be seen three gentlemen standing on the balcony, and watching the sunset; the odor of their cigars was also very perceptible; at the same time Mabel drew hastily back from the open window, but not before one of the three had perceived her, and, with a movement of courteous apology, removed his Havana from his lips, and threw it upon the croquet-ground beneath.

"There was no occasion to do that, my good Sir," said the cheery voice of Mr. Frederick Pennant; "my wife and sister-in-law are very indulgent in the matter of tobacco."

"Why, who on earth can my husband and Mr. Flint have got with them?" whispered Mrs. Pennant, with amazement. "Why, I do believe it's that very Mr. Winthrop we have just been talking about!"

"Then we'll certainly have him in!" cried Mrs. Marshall, rising and hurrying to the window with a speed of which her years and limbs would have seemed wholly incapable.

Mrs. Pennant caught at her gown with an incisive "Don't!" but too late to stop the impulsive old lady.

"I have got a bone to pick with you, Mr. Flint," cried she, gayly, "on account of a trick you put on me at dinner; and I'll only forgive you on condition that you'll come a little nearer, and let us enjoy the full flavor of those excellent cigars."

This *coup de main* of the intrepid Mrs. Marshall brought about at once a result which would have taken her at least a week of her usual social tactics to have effected: the whole party were introduced to Mr. Winthrop of Wapshot upon the spot, and that under circumstances which precluded all stiffness and formality. The "affair" was spoken of by "the General" for years afterward with a pardonable pride, as one of the most successful and complete in which she had been ever professionally engaged.

AIR-HOLES IN ICE.

There are some curious facts connected with the air-holes which form themselves during winter in the ice covering of ponds and lakes. There are often particular spots where partial openings in the ice will be formed every winter. These arise, probably, from warm springs, and have no connection with air-holes properly so called, which are not confined to any particular locality, but may appear any where. There is always a good deal of air under ice, and you may often see it scattered about in small bubbles when the ice is thin. It is probably air excluded in the process of crystallization, and when there is added to it sundry gases formed from decaying matter in the water, it amounts during the winter to a considerable quantity. Such collections of air, like the bubble in a spirit level, are in a very uneasy condition, and are rapidly transferred from one place to another on any casual disturbance of the level, giving rise to one of the numerous noises which are always more or less heard on a lake covered with ice—at least, we used always to attribute to this cause a peculiar groaning sound which was very common. Now, if there should be any casual inequality in the lower surface of the ice, the air will naturally collect there, and if it is above 32° Fahr., which in so far as it consists of evolved gas it probably will be, the receptacle will be increased by thawing. A dome-shaped cavity will thus be gradually formed, which will finally reach the surface; air will escape from below, and the surface-water, of which there is almost always more or less after the snow has fallen, will run down from above, wearing the little jagged channels which are characteristic of air-holes. The whole thing will then after a while freeze up again, leaving an indication of where the air-hole has been in the different color of the freshly formed ice. The writer tried several such air-holes with an axe when first formed, and has always found them to lead to such a dome-shaped cavity. On one occasion an otter frequented a large air-hole on a Canada lake which remained open for some time, and which must have been from a mile and a half to two miles distant from the nearest open water. How did he reach it? for no otter can travel that distance under water without access to air. The Indians say that they will go to greater distances still under the ice, and that they always find air there. It is likely enough that there may be many such dome-shaped cavities which have not yet reached, and may never reach, the surface as air-holes, but one would imagine the air they contain to be not of the most wholesome character. However, this otter did frequent that air-hole for about a week, which it certainly did not reach by traveling on the ice, and though it had few chances of breathing there, in the daytime at any rate, it contrived during that period to elude the snares of a white man and an Indian, who wasted a good deal of time in looking after it.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

We seem to be living in a period of meteorological metamorphoses and phenomena. The "oldest inhabitants," who have prided themselves upon their long experience enabling them to foretell storm, or wind, or heat, or cold, from some peculiar atmospheric condition, have been forced to shake their wise heads many times during the last twelvemonth, and confess that they never knew "such a strange season." The singular mildness of last winter was the subject of wondering comment. Until nearly the end of December, 1869, violets were found blooming in sunny spots in New England fields; no January had been so warm for forty-six years; in February dahlias blossomed and rose-bushes budded in Pennsylvania; and even in bleak New England the willow and magnolia put forth buds, and a Massachusetts farmer dug potatoes from his field unfrozen and unhurt; in March came severe days; but the sun was high in the heavens, and the cold could not last long, so mild May weather came in April. May itself was almost hot, and in June commenced that long-continued heated term—hotter and longer and more deadly than any that can be remembered—accompanied by severe drought. Then followed a delightful autumn, extending far into the nominal winter. But while with us the winter of 1869–70 was peculiarly mild, in Europe an extraordinary degree of cold was experienced. Snow fell in Florence, to the amazement of the people, and in Moscow the mercury sank to 35½° below zero. The Frost King even penetrated some of those sunny climes where the orange-tree blossoms, and its golden fruit is expected to ripen to perfection. On the ocean the cold was intense, and violent storms prevailed, causing the loss of an unusual number of stanch vessels. Our own country also has been startled by earthquakes, tornadoes, furious thunder-storms, auroras of amazing brilliancy, and other phenomena. Scientific men are trying to ascertain some special cause for all this confusion of seasons and atmospheric disturbance. Some declare that the spots on the sun are responsible for a good deal of this irregularity of nature, and predict a continuance of it for some time to come.

At the time of the burning of the Spottswood House, in Richmond, such was the general eagerness to escape from the building that the passage-way of the private entrance soon became so crowded that it was impossible to open the outer door until extraordinary force was used, and it is believed that some lives were lost by the delay. The door opened inwardly. Warnings come almost every day showing that public buildings should be so constructed as to give easy and quick egress in case of fire.

Mont Cenis Tunnel approaches a conclusion. On Christmas-day the workmen on the French and Italian sides had come so near each other as to exchange greetings through the barrier that separated them. This barrier of rock has since been removed.

Four iron steamships 335 feet in length, 40 feet breadth of beam, of 2800 tons burden, and containing all the modern improvements and luxuries, will be built immediately for the American Steamship Line between Philadelphia and Liverpool. The estimated cost of each steamer is $500,000.

Hans Christian Andersen, who visited Charles Dickens's home many years ago, wrote thus concerning Mrs. Dickens:

"It is a great pleasure to find in an author's innermost circle the types of those characters that have delighted one in his works. I had previously heard many people remark that Agnes in "David Copperfield" was like Dickens's own wife; and although he may not have chosen her deliberately as a model for Agnes, yet still I can think of no one else in his books so near akin to her in all that is graceful and amiable. Mrs. Dickens had a certain soft, womanly repose and reserve about her; but whenever she spoke there came such a light into her large eyes, and such a smile upon her lips, and there was such a charm in the tones of her voice, that henceforth I shall always connect her and Agnes together."

The young Spanish King will ascend the throne with the title of Amedeo I.; and it is believed that he will do his best to serve the interests of Spain, and win the affections of the people.

Missing.—A large island, one of the New Hebrides group, known by the name of Aurora Island. Any information respecting it thankfully received by the owners. The loss was first discovered by Captain Plock, of the bark *Adolphe*, bound from Iquique to London, who states that while passing the New Hebrides Islands he discovered that Aurora Island had entirely disappeared, and no trace of it was to be seen on the face of the ocean where it was before situated. Aurora was a fertile island, about thirty-six miles long and five broad, and was last seen in latitude 15° 9' south, and longitude 168° 25' east.

An evidence of the progress of civilization in the Sandwich Islands is recorded in the Honolulu *Advertiser*, being nothing less than a case of pocket-picking, the first that has been known to occur there! Missionaries will scarcely be needed longer! The offender was arrested at once, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment at hard labor.

If reports from abroad are correct, Jenny Lind's husband has used up the fortune with which she retired to private life, and now the songstress who once charmed all ears is compelled to teach music for her living. The ill-matched couple have separated by mutual consent.

Women are quite as often in full possession of their senses, and able to be useful, when suddenly awakened in the night, as men are, notwithstanding all that is said about their screaming and fainting in emergencies. Mrs. Lines, of San Francisco, is an instance in proof of this assertion. She aroused her better half one night, and informed him that some one was in the room. After listening a moment, and hearing no unusual noise, he turned over and lighted the gas to quiet his wife's fears, and then settled himself for another snooze. Mrs. Lines, feeling positive that she had heard footsteps in the room, crawled cautiously down and peered over the foot-board. There she saw the burglar crouched upon his hands and knees. She crawled back and whispered in her husband's ear the unwelcome intelligence, "There is a great big robber right down behind the foot-board." Mr. Lines crawled down to take a peep for himself. Sure enough, there the fellow was, doubled up into as small a space as possible, anxiously waiting for the light to be extinguished so that he might continue his researches. He was induced to quit the premises expeditiously.

A singular instance of death from hydrophobia is given in an exchange. Mr. King, living in Boylston, New York, was severely bitten by a mad dog about forty years ago. He has experienced no serious trouble from the wound during all these years; but a few weeks ago he began to act in a strange manner, and appeared very melancholy. Recently he was seized with severe paroxysms, indicating hydrophobia, and after a few days of fearful suffering death came to his relief.

Hundreds of families of fishermen are rendered destitute for the winter by the failure of the Labrador fishery last season. The amount caught is not a third of what it was the previous season.

Brigham Young thought his income tax too large last year. He declared it was erroneous, and asked to have it abated. Not being so successful as he desired, the venerable householder revenges himself by complaining of the extravagance of his family. Perhaps if he had only the usual quota of wives and daughters, he might find it required less cloth to clothe them. He says:

"I do not like to charge the ladies with extravagance, but how many yards of cloth does it take to make a dress? If Brother Heber C. Kimball were here he would tell you he used to buy six yards of calico for his wife, who was a tall woman. That used to make a dress, and it was a pretty large pattern; then it got up to seven, then to eight, then to nine, then to eleven, and I have been called upon to buy sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen yards for a dress.

"I recollect very well when our fathers and mothers raised the flax and the wool, and when it was carded with hand-cards, spun on hand-wheels, and woven into cloth on hand-looms, and in this way the wants of the family had to be supplied. But now every woman wants a sewing-machine. What for? To do her sewing. Well; but she can do a hundred times as much sewing with a machine as she could by hand, and she does not need a machine more than one day in two or three weeks.

"'Oh yes,' says she, 'I want my sewing-machine every day in my life.'

"'What are you going to do with it?'

"'I am going to sew.'

"And when the sewing-machine is procured, they want a hundred times as much cloth as they used to have."

If women make all this expense and annoyance, why in the world does the gentleman trouble himself with so many of them?

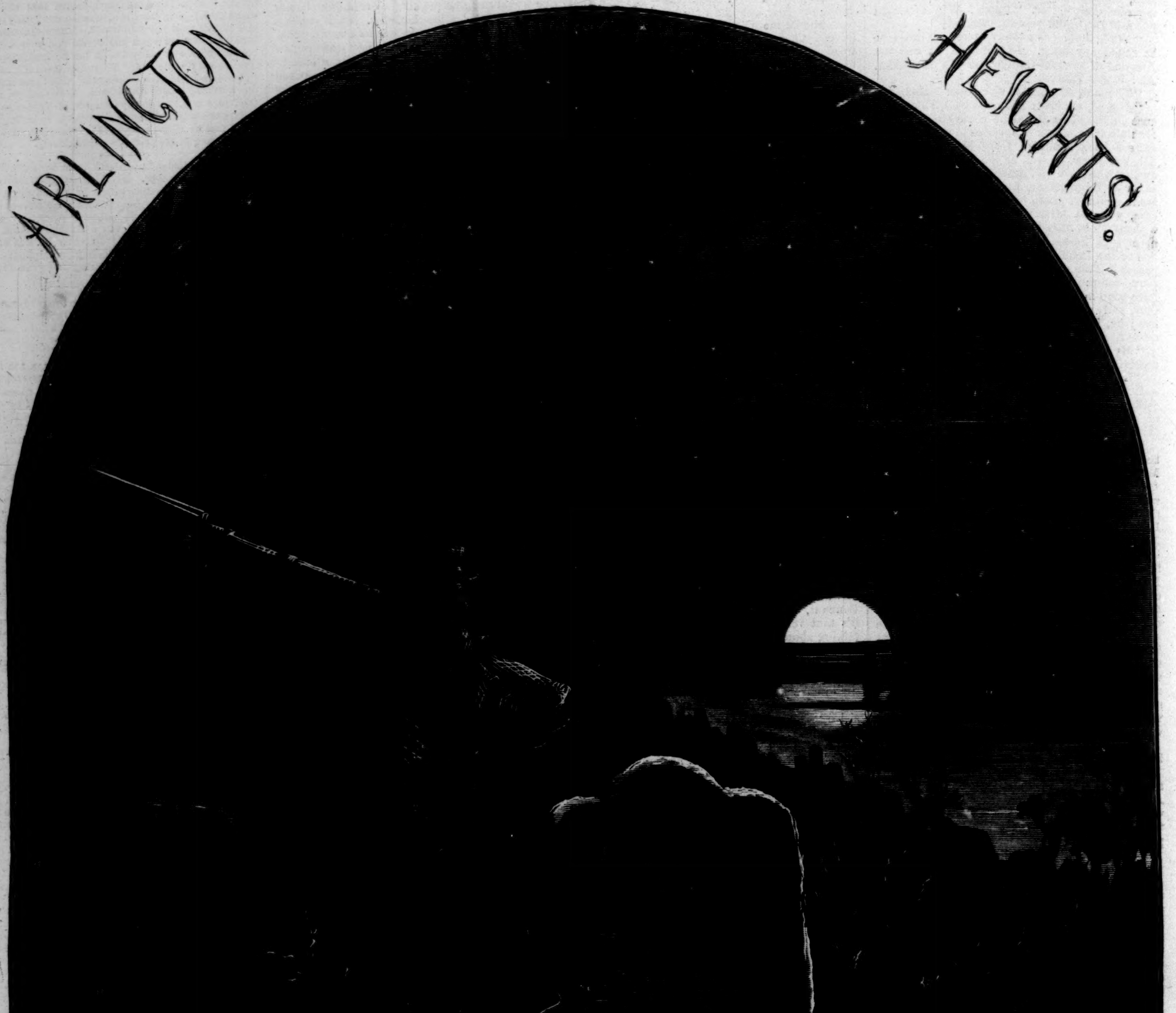
Over four thousand disabled soldiers have been supported during the year at the various national asylums, and in connection with them. At these asylums all labor and service are done by the inmates. Workshops are established, and also farms and gardens cultivated, and many of the soldiers earn a good deal. Each asylum has a library and reading-room, and is well supplied with newspapers and periodicals. Schools are also established, and disabled soldiers are prepared to be school-teachers, book-keepers, clerks, and telegraph operators. The daily bill of fare shows that the inmates of the asylums are afforded all the substantials and most of the delicacies of the markets, yet the average ration during the year has been only twenty-five and one-third cents per day, while the average total cost of maintaining each man, including transportation, clothing, medicines, food, light, fuel, salaries, and all expenses of every kind, is only one hundred and eighty-four dollars per annum—less, it is believed, than at any similar institution in the United States.

Mrs. Disraeli is stated to be no less than sixteen years older than her husband, yet by no means to seem very old. Rumor says that their married life has been a very happy one, and he certainly treats her in public with genuine gallantry.

An ingenious mechanic in Auburn, New York, claims to have discovered a new motive power in certain chemical substances which will take the place of steam, and will move a piece of machinery having the motion of a horse. The machine does not go on wheels like an engine, but walks like a horse on four legs, which rise eight inches, and make a forward move of eighteen, at every revolution of a centre shaft which works them. The shaft is ten feet long, the length of the machine. The legs are so arranged that the machine preserves its balance on uneven ground. It is so constructed that it will go up and down a heavy grade with the greatest ease, and is calculated to walk and draw on soft and tilled land with more ease than any team of horses. It turns round in its own length to any point needed. As to speed, it will go at any rate from three to fifteen miles per hour. The concern can be reversed. It can be employed for all the purposes that a team of horses are useful, such as plowing, reaping, or drawing wagons, street-cars, and canal-boats.

There is not a little truth in a remark made by a late writer on "Fashions:" "Elderly ladies can never appropriate toilets suitable only to youth without adding to their age to a degree of which it would be almost impossible to convince them; and, *vice versa*, young unmarried ladies, dressed in matronly robes and ornaments, lose the charm of elegant simplicity so becoming to them, and show a lamentable ignorance of the first and most immutable canon of good taste—suitability." The same is true in regard to other things besides absolute dress. It has often been remarked that an elderly person looks older with dyed hair than with the silver-threaded locks that nature gives with advancing age.

Nothing is more conducive to the good health, comfort, refinement, and social education of a young family than kind, genial, and cheering conversation at table. Many parents forget this; and when only their children are present swallow their food in morose silence, brooding over business or family cares, or if they speak, it is only to reprove. Make the family meals cheerful, and the happy influence will be felt all day—in the parlor, in the nursery, in the office or store, every where, and by young and old. Try it, and see the results thereof.


ARLINGTON
HEIGHTS.
DIE WACHT. AM POTOMAC.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF.

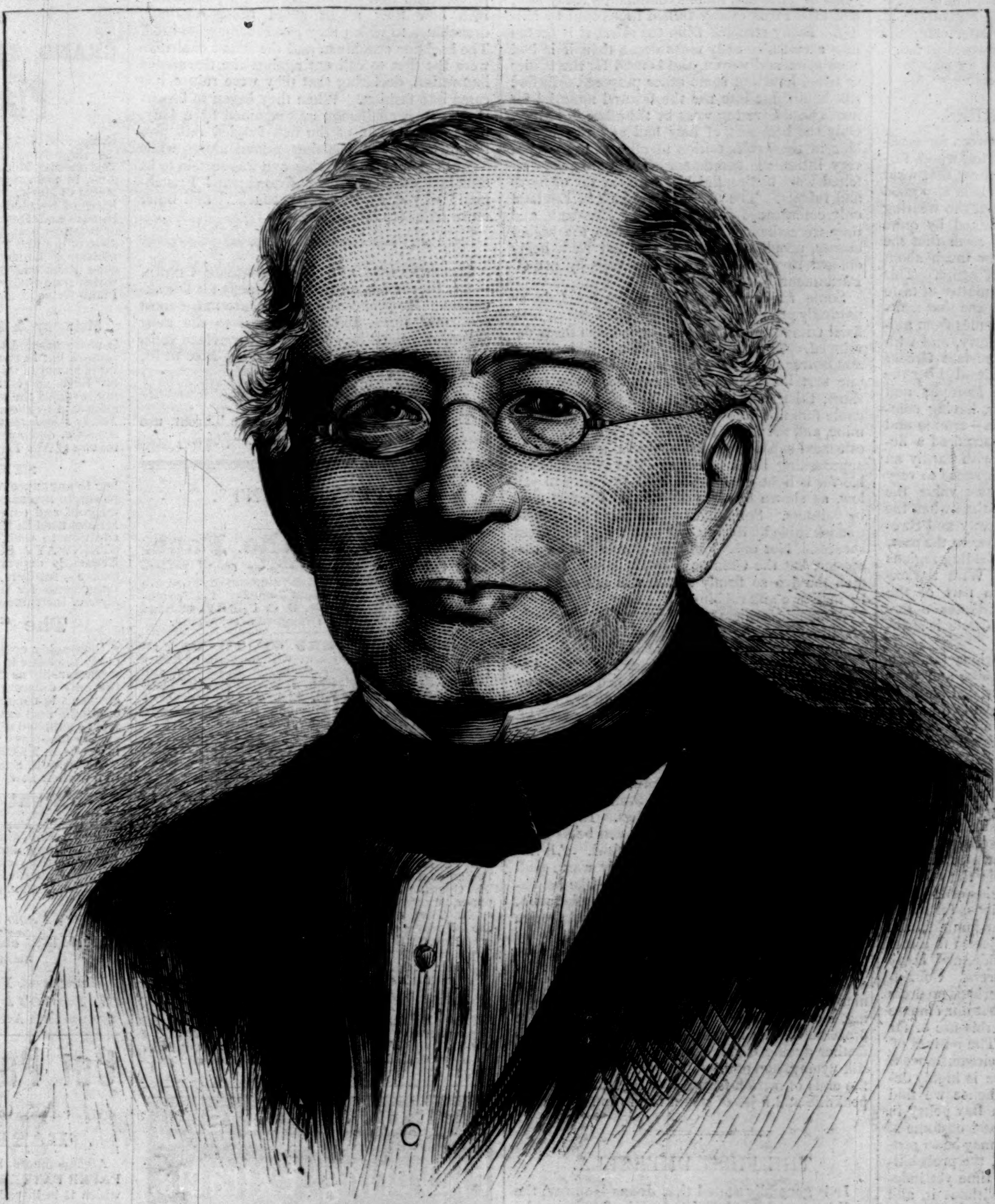
THIS Prince, whose Christian name is ALEXANDER MICHAELOWITSCH, and who is cousin to the famous general who defended Sabastopol in 1855–6, was born in 1798, and educated at the Lyceum of Tzarsko Selo. He made his entry into the diplomatic service at the Congress of Laybach and Verona, as *attaché* in the suit of M. NESSELRODE. In 1824 he became secretary to the Russian embassador at London, when he specially occupied himself in the study of foreign languages. In 1830 he was made chargé d'affaires at Florence; in 1832 he was attached to the legation of Vienna; while in 1841 he received the title of Privy Councilor, after having, as Embassador Extraordinary at Stuttgart, arranged a marriage between the Grand Duchess OLGA and the Prince Royal of Würtemberg.

During the stormy events of 1848–9 Prince GORTSCHAKOFF preserved a prudent reserve, and was thus enabled to use very moderate language as Plenipotentiary at the German Diet which assembled after the reaction of 1850. He is said to have concurred in the abdication of the Emperor FERDINAND of Austria in favor of his nephew FRANCIS JOSEPH. In 1854 he was appointed embassador to Vienna, and it was at his instance that the Russian government accepted the four points which formed the basis of the Conference of Paris in 1856. In 1857 he was recalled to St. Petersburg to replace M. NESSELRODE as Minister of Foreign Affairs.

After the Crimean war the name of Prince GORTSCHAKOFF was seldom before the public, until the world was suddenly startled by his celebrated Note demanding the abrogation of the treaties of 1856 in regard to the Black Sea. The Note created the utmost alarm and anxiety in England. Englishmen were so much alarmed, not because they were unwilling to release Russia from any of the bonds with which she was then bound, but because the *manner* of the declaration struck at the root of all treaty obligations whatsoever. This famous Note was prepared directly after the fall of Metz, when Russia no doubt regarded France as hopelessly crushed, and had arranged a good understanding with Germany. For a few days there was imminent danger of war, for Englishmen felt galled to think that Russia looked upon Britannia as a "cowardly old woman," whom nothing would induce to fight.

But the firmness of the British government induced the Russian cabinet to consent to refer the whole subject to a conference of the powers who were parties to the obnoxious treaties.

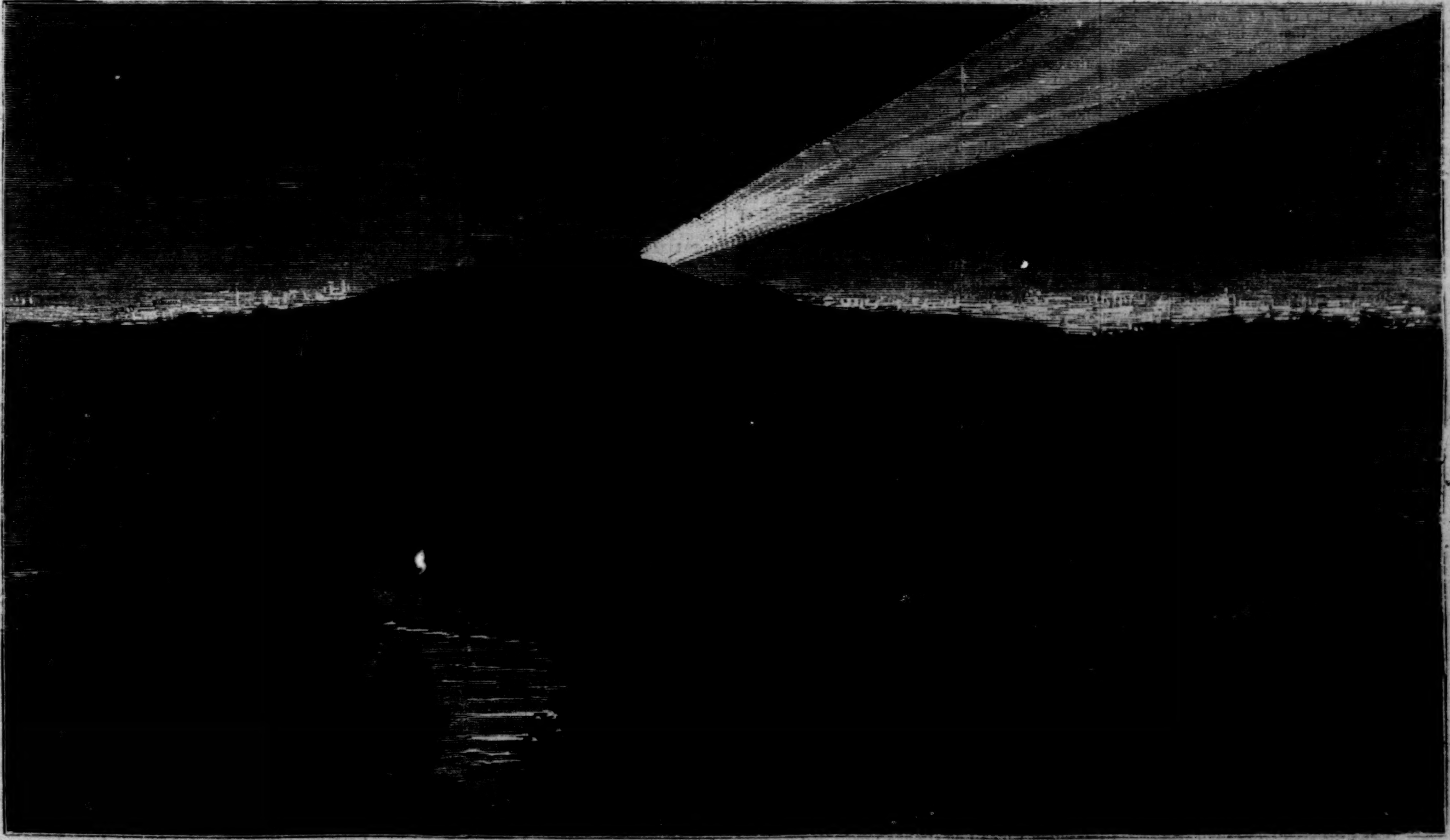
This is not the first time that Prince GORTSCHAKOFF has spoken haughtily to foreign countries. He opposed the meddling of the Western powers in the affairs of the Two Sicilies; in 1862, when NAPOLEON III. wanted to recognize the Southern Confederacy, he would have nothing to do with the matter; and in 1863, when Russia was engaged in putting down the Polish insurrection, and Austria, France, and England proffered some highly moral advice, the Prince courteously bade them mind their own business, and look at home.



PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF.

PARIS UNDER THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

THE striking effect of the powerful electric lights, by which the French are able at night to illuminate the country to a great distance around Paris, is shown in the picturesque sketch on this page. The dark mass in the centre is Fort Mont Valérien, from which the light is cast over the western side of Paris with almost the brilliance of noonday. By the use of this light the French are able to annoy the Prussians very much in such military operations as are usually carried on after nightfall, as it enables them to detect every attempt to take up new positions or throw up earth-works under cover of darkness. It is not to be supposed, however, that it can materially impede the construction of aggressive works, since at most it only partially deprives the enemy of the advantage offered by night, and obliges them to proceed with greater caution. The modern system of approaches is reduced to an exact science; and if the besieging army is



PARIS ILLUMINATED AT NIGHT BY THE ELECTRIC LIGHT FROM FORT MONT VALÉRIEN.

strong enough to hold its own against sorties and attacks from a relieving force, the question of its success is only one of time. Starvation, if not bombardment, will sooner or later cause the most powerful strong-hold in the world to fall.

FURS AND FEATHERS.

Furs may be worn for use, or worn for ornament. Inhabitants of cold countries, where furry skins are accessible, soon discover that what is good for the clothing of animals is also good for the clothing of themselves; but the wearing of fur as an ornament is determined by quite other conditions. It would not seem that the ancient Greeks and Romans knew much about furs, or used them as articles of attire. This might not have been altogether a matter of taste so much as a necessity. It so happens that nearly every fur of beauty and value comes from animals that inhabit a very cold country, and with no very cold country were the ancient Greeks and Romans acquainted. In medieval times the taste for furs first sprung up in Europe; and two especial furs, ermine and vair, having commended themselves to the heralds—ermine and sable, in language non-heraldic—acquired a fictitious value. Not only do furs, with hardly an exception, come from animals indigenous to very cold countries, but to be of greatest value the skins must be stripped in winter-time when the hair is softest and thickest. Norway and Sweden, Northern Russia, thence farther to the east, Siberia, these were the chief fur-yielding regions until the discovery of America. With the exception of seal-skins, the southern part of the southern hemisphere hardly contributes a fur-bearing animal, for the Antarctic Circle is strikingly devoid of land.

Fur-bearing animals are of various families. Thus the skins of hares and rabbits, and even cats, must be included as fur material, though in a humble way. Here then we have two animal orders, hares and rabbits being comprehended by *rodentia*, cats belonging to the *carnivora*. Seals belong to the almost fish-like tribe of *phocæ;* beavers are another example of *rodentia;* and thus running through a list of the known fur-yielders, we should fall in with a great variety of animal genera and species. Generalizing, we may say that the most valuable furs come from the weasel tribe. Thus a weasel known to naturalists as the *Mustela zibellina* yields the valuable fur sable, and *Mustela erminea* yields ermine.

Considered as to their preparations, fur skins, when first obtained from the fur-hunters, are merely dried. They are next subjected to a sort of alum dressing on the plain side, and lastly made up into various articles of dress. Considered as a protection against cold, perhaps no dress material is so efficacious as fur; but our climate is hardly cold enough to suggest this use of fur otherwise than as an ornament. The natives of Northern Europe are differently circumstanced. To them the wearing of fur attire is highly desirable, if not a necessity, and hence we find that at the annual sale of Hudson Bay peltry in London, Leipsic dealers are the best customers. Highly desirable though fur attire may be to people who live in very cold climates, the probability is that after the lapse of some time yet indeterminate they will have to do without it, and for the following reason, easy to understand. Fur-bearing animals, at least the best of them, never have been, and seemingly never can be, domesticated. Either they must have their own deserts and wildernesses to live in, or they can not live at all. The effect of land cultivation, with its concomitant thereto, human habitation, as restricting the range and diminishing the number of certain fur-yielding animals, is illustrated in the history of the beaver. At one time this animal inhabited most parts of Europe. The Rhone was conspicuous among rivers for its beaver population from source to sea. As time sped away, the European haunt of the beaver became restricted more and more to the north. At the present time the northern part of North America is the only part of the world where beavers are found in colonies. In Sweden and Norway single beavers may occasionally be met with, but not a congregation of them building and living in common, as in North America. The necessity of preventing colonization in parts of the world wherever fur collection is made a matter of trade, has been illustrated by the tradition and the practice of the Hudson Bay Company, an association that acquired exclusive trading privileges in the reign of Charles II., and maintained them almost intact down to the present year. The entire range of territory comprised in the Hudson Bay dominions formed an enormous tract, about twenty times the size of Great Britain in all, and wholly uncultivated, with the exception of the one small portion called Rupert's Land. The cultivation would appear to be incompatible with the extensive prosecution of fur-trading operations. The chief localities of what may be called inland fur supply are Siberia and North America; of maritime fur supply, the Arctic and Antarctic oceans, where various species of seal yield furs in some repute.

The rule that cold countries are fur-yielding countries especially holds good, as already stated, no fur of any particular repute coming from a temperate, much less a hot country. Chinchilla skins are, however, the produce of a squirrel not inhabiting a cold country; and the reader need not be reminded that monkeys do not inhabit cold countries, yet fur-dealers are not unacquainted in the course of their trade with monkey skins.

Although the most obvious application of fur to purposes of attire is that of wearing the skin to which it is attached, yet a second application of it, through the aid of felting, must not be forgotten. Before the wearing of silk hats became so general, the operation of fur felting was more commonly practiced than now; but even now the skins of hares and rabbits command a ready sale, and their fur is mostly turned to account by felting. Being stripped from the skins, it is beaten into a mat-like body more dense than if it had been spun and woven, and is used for the bodies of felted hats and some other purposes. Before silk hats came into use the favored material for men's head-covering went by the name of beaver. Only the best sort of hats had any real beaver hair in their composition at all, and even those very little; the commoner sorts were made of felted wool bodies, finished with the fur of hares and rabbits. The use of felted hats in England only commenced in the reign of Elizabeth, and they were then at first restricted to the higher classes, people of middling and low rank being obliged to wear knitted woolen caps by act of Parliament.

Some fur-bearing skins require the hair, as naturally presented, to undergo some sort of artificial trimming before the beauty of the fur is developed. This is the case with seal-skins, otter and beaver skins, all which have two sorts of hair, one sort long, coarse, and ungainly; the other short, thick, and lustrous. The three most valuable furs now known to commerce are sable, ermine, and the fur of the silver fox. All the most esteemed sables come from Siberia, and are dark, approaching black in color. The American sable fur is light chestnut-colored, inclining to yellow, as shown by the yellow sable brushes used by painters. Sometimes yellow sable is changed to dark sable by dyeing, but rarely with any great success. Not only does the color of the fur disappear, but the Chinese alone, it is said, can attach the dye so firmly that it will not come off by moisture and rubbing.

Although feathers are not fur, yet certain feathers attached to the skin are used like fur; of this grebe, the feathered breast of a bird commonly found in the Lake of Geneva, is an example. Ostrich feathers, too, may be mentioned here as an article of attire, not to multiply headings. Until lately the only source of ostrich feathers was Africa, where they were obtained from wild ostriches hunted and killed for the occasion; but during the last few years a considerable quantity of this beautiful female adornment has come consigned from the south of France, and from French naturalized tame ostriches. In practice it has been found that the ostrich can be as readily domesticated as the barn-door fowl. All this African bird insists on is a tolerably warm paddock, the ground of which is sandy—like her native Sahara. These two requisites complied with, the ostrich will live and thrive, and, cruel though the practice be, will allow her feathers to be plucked. While on the bird, ostrich feathers are not so very elegant. Their preparation for ladies' head-dresses is a trade in itself, involving many processes of bleaching, waxing, wire-dressing, steam-curling, and dyeing. Some of these processes ladies can execute for themselves. Thus feather dyeing is rather more easy than wool or silk dyeing, and nothing is more easy than curling the ends of ostrich feathers by the aid of a blunt penknife and a jet of steam from the tea-kettle.

THE FIRST UMBRELLA.

It is generally stated that Jonas Hanway, the well-known philanthropist, was the first man who carried an umbrella in the streets of London. Hanway died in 1786. Early in the century a large umbrella was kept in the halls of aristocratic mansions for the special protection of the lady of the house in passing from her door to her coach; and it was not uncommon to keep such articles in the coffee-houses or taverns for the benefit of customers as early as Queen Anne's reign. The fact, however, is not the less true, that it is only within the lifetime of persons now living that this almost indispensable protection from the mists and rain has become generally adopted. In the *Female Tatler* of December 12, 1709, appears a satirical notice informing the "young gentleman belonging to the custom-house who, for fear of rain, borrowed the umbrella at Will's coffee-house, in Cornhill, of the mistress," that, "to be dry from head to foot on the like occasion, he shall be welcome to the maid's pattens." Gay mentions the umbrella as early as 1712 in his poem of "Trivia," in which he describes the "tucked-up sempstress" walking in a shower, while streams "run down her oiled umbrella's sides." Mr. J. Jamieson, a Scottish surgeon, brought with him from Paris in 1781 or 1782 an umbrella, which was the first seen in Glasgow, where he resided, and where it attracted universal attention.

The earliest specimens of the English umbrella were made, as mentioned in Gay's lines, of oiled silk, which, when wet, was exceedingly difficult to open or close. The stick and furniture were heavy and inconvenient, and the article very expensive. Its transition to the present portable form is due partly to the substitution of silk and gingham for the heavy and troublesome oiled silk, which admits of the ribs and stretchers being made much lighter, and also to the many ingenious mechanical improvements in the frame-work which have been made from time to time, several of which have been patented. No change has proved a greater convenience than that from the old-fashioned ring and string for securing the umbrella when closed to the simple clip and India-rubber braid now in use; and yet, before this was accomplished, many transitions had to be passed through.

Though the umbrella is itself of older date, there is nothing to invalidate the story that it is to the good Jonas Hanway that we are indebted for the valuable example of moral courage in first carrying an umbrella in the streets of London. It is difficult now to conceive the amount of persecution which this strange proceeding entailed upon the unfortunate philanthropist, whose object was, doubtless, less the protection of his own person than that of showing his fellow-countrymen how they might avoid those continual drenchings to which they had so long submitted. The hackney coachman and the sedan chairman were the first to call out against the threatened innovation, declaring that they were ruined if it came into fashion. When they began to be carried even a gentleman accompanied by a lady, under the shelter of the new-fangled rain protector, were hooted as they passed along, while a gentleman alone carrying one was certain to be attacked with cries of, "Frenchman! Frenchman! why don't you call a coach?" and other more offensive salutations.

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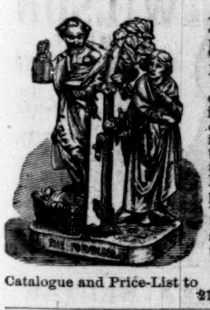

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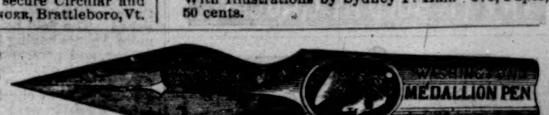

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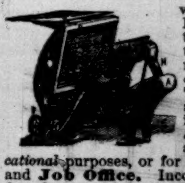

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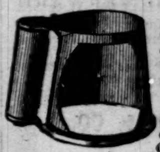

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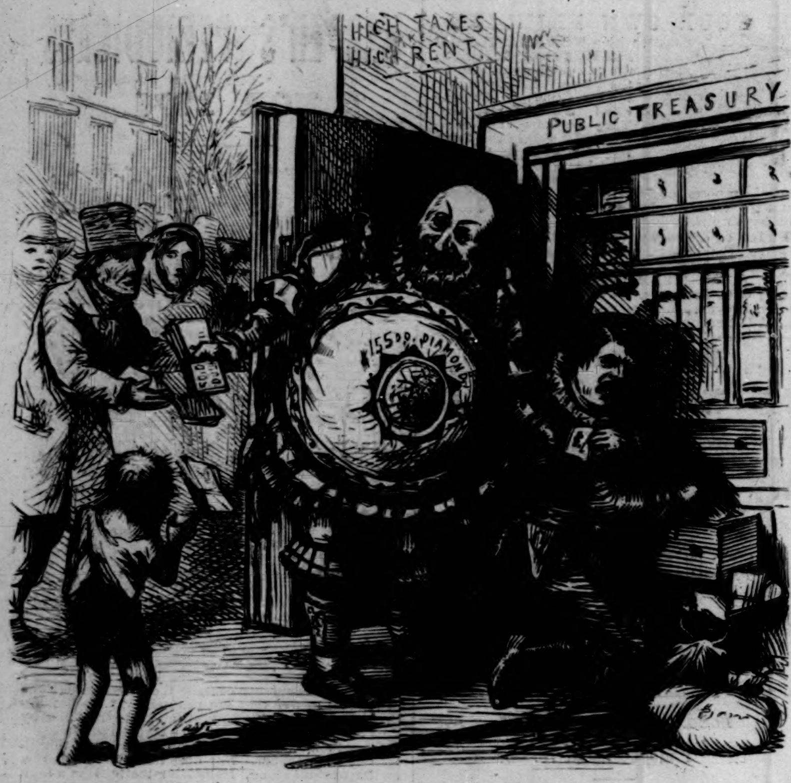

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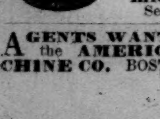

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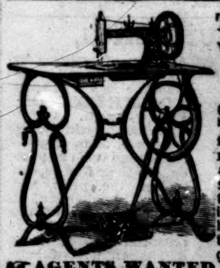

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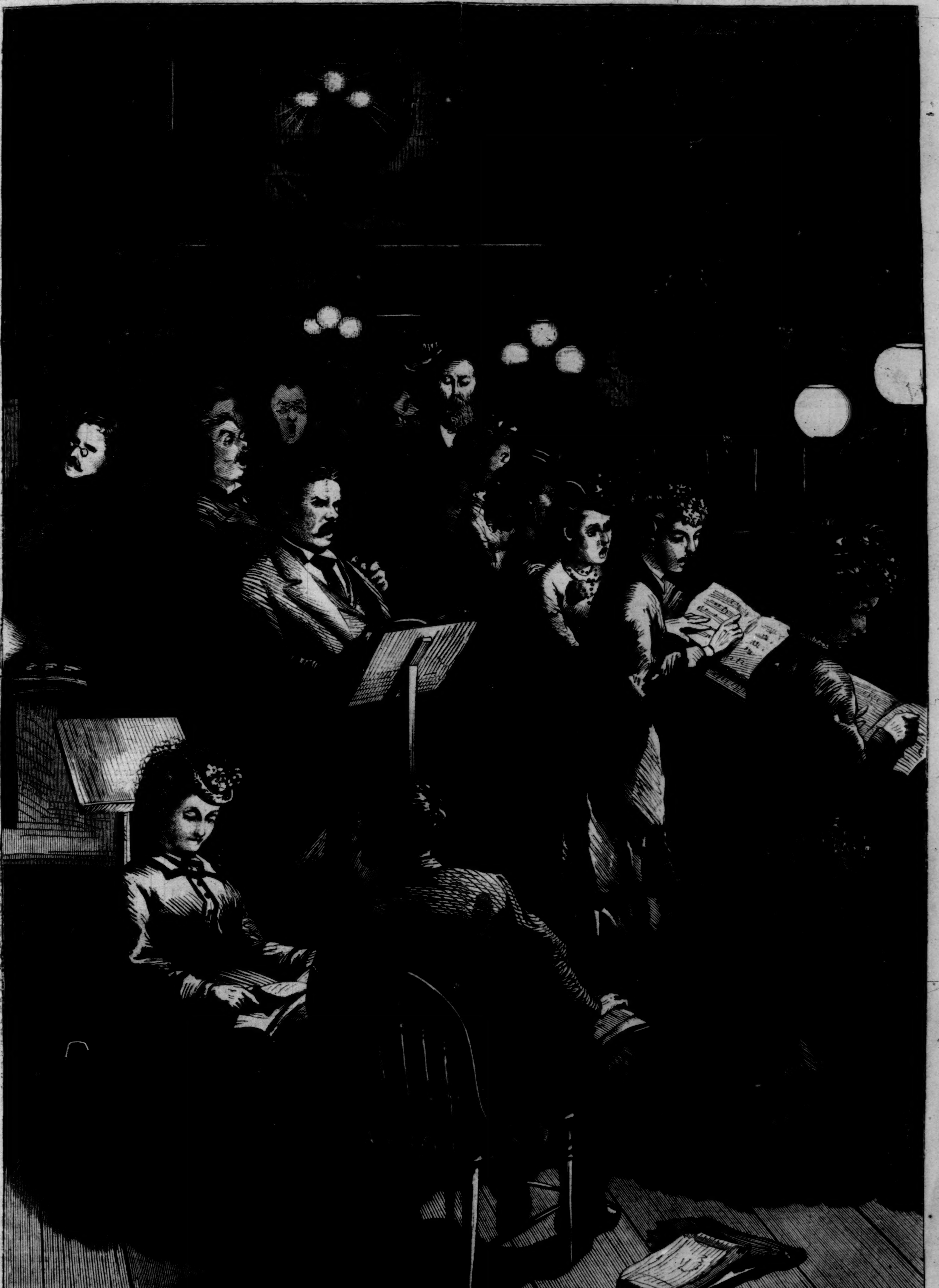

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NEW-YEAR'S EVE, 1870

Lo, a young New Year is coming on earth;
The Old Year is dying fast, they say:
Will the sorrows that crowded its weary days
As peacefully pass from our lives away?

I know that this pure, untried New Year
Will come to us clad in angel white;
No stain of the sin and shame on its brow
Which the passing hours will surely write.

Bringing bright, childish, unbroken trust
Out of its strange and mysterious home—
Bringing, with bountiful promise to man,
The New Year, year after year, will come.

But what will the New Year bring to my life
In the store of months it keeps hoarded up?
And what will the Old Year leave when it dies,
Bitter or sweet, in my half-drunk cup?

When the old church-bells are ringing to-night—
Now chiming a greeting, and now a farewell—
What sadness or gladness will ring in for me
Only the tale of the New Year can tell!

The New Year, which, spite of its first sweet smile,
Will not always move with so light a tread,
And need scarcely, it seems, be burdened too
With grief from the year that is lying dead.

And, watching the Old Year's parting breath,
This prayer from my heart may well arise:
"Oh, Old Year, Old Year, bury thy dead,
In thine own grave hide them, and hush their cries!

"Let never a murmur remind me of joys
Thou hast slain, but not yet hidden away—
Let never a breath of the New Year's air
Whisper in tones of a happier day!

"But leave me, Old Year, in mem'ry of thee,
What thou brought and gavest to be my own;
Take not away that sweet, strange, new light
Which makes God's meaning half seen and known.

"Leave me the faith in the good and the true,
Which can twine Hope's wreaths round the woes of life—
Leave me the peace it has spoken to me
When my heart was filled with unholy strife!

"Disturb not the seed springing up in my heart
Of love, from all earthliness purified,
Which can live in the light of another's joy,
Though its own long since have withered and died.

"Uncomplaining I yield up thy gifts, Old Year,
Ere thou ridest away from earth to-night,
Save my trust in Him who alone can make
The days of the New Year glad and bright!"

JULES AND LISCHEN.

"I TELL thee, Armand, there shall be war, and war before the summer is over—va! Knowest thou that these German vermin can not stand the hot weather, so that thou and I shall drink Moselle on the Rhine—on the Rhine!"

And then the speaker broke into the lovely, insolent song by Alfred de Musset—"*Why we have had it, your German Rhine.*"

The good friend, Armand, shook his head and looked grave. He was little older than the other, but much wiser; and your wisdom brings with it an increased happiness, which, however, has its sad side as well as its alleviating aspect.

"Why should we fight, my Jules?" he says, gently knocking off the end of his cigarette ash, as though, having done him a good turn when it was tobacco, he wished to treat it kindly in parting with it. "What have these Germans done to us?"

"Seest thou, my Armand, they are animals! They feed upon raw roots, and beat their women. Girls draw plows and carts, and they love to eat swine!"

"Still appears it to me that they have done us no harm."

"Thou stupid compatriot!" cries Jules. "Dost thou not see that only through war shalt thou or I become a marshal of France, be called a duke, and have a carriage each for his wife."

Armand shook his head.

"Thou art blind, Jules. Let there be made a marshal a year, my comrade, and 'tis but sixty in as many years, while the army numbers perchance half a million."

"Still, nevertheless, a marshal one may be," cries the younger and more eager of the two.

"But seest thou," says Armand, "we may not be even each a marshal until sixty; and, through all our lives, what shall we have done except taken the people's bread, which they have gained by the sweat of their brows, eaten their meat, drunk their wine and their cider, swallowed their fruit, and all for what?—that we may look well on a field-day, and keep the people down if they find fault!"

"Pst-t-t-t!" says Jules, looking about. "If thy captain heard thee talk thus, thou'dst be kept in barracks till thou wert paler even than nature made thee. The fact is, Armand, thou art a philosopher!"

"I am what I am," replies the other. "Sometimes I envy thee that thou art so light of heart, my Jules—though, mark thee, at other times I have great pity for thee, knowing that thou canst not control thyself as I can."

For a moment the dark blood mantled into the other's face, then a smile broke over the countenance, and, taking Armand's hand, he pressed it strongly, saying, "Nevertheless, we are friends unto the death!"

The two speakers here mentioned were—when they spoke to such effect as the above, and of course speaking in French—seated at one of those little tables outside the *cafés* on the line of the Paris boulevards, which, in the old time of French glory and supremacy that has passed away forever, gave such an air of holidays and continual enjoyment to the fairest metropolis in the world.

Armand Bellingé and Jules Praier were "chums" of the very first order, and the latter having joyfully received a remittance from home, the two were emancipated from barracks for one day, in that brightest of Junes, the last. The young soldiers were their own masters until midnight.

Armand had been in the *chasseurs à pied* about two years when Jules Praier joined them, and therefore it may be inferred that he was about two years his elder.

Both had drawn "bad numbers" from the conscription-urns, and the family of neither had been rich enough to pay the substitution-money, or to have been able to insure the boys, when born, against the contingency.

They were the sons of peasants, such men as usually have made up the ignorant mass of the French army, very few of whom could write, or even read, and they were both poor. But there the difference ended, for Jules was as ignorant as a charity-boy, while Armand was well informed.

In Armand's village there had lived, when he was a boy, an old conventionist, then near eighty years of age, but bright of eye and wit. He had risen to the surface, and represented the people in the first French Revolution, and when he was about eighteen. They did not study age in '89. When France fell, he fell; and so it came to pass that, at between seventy and eighty years of age, the peasantry would now and again stone him, because, said they, it was whispered that he had "the evil eye."

Armand Bellingé stood up for this old man, and lo! that bread we are urged to cast upon the waters came back in this instance freighted with life. This old man opened Armand's understanding, taught him the beginning of all the truths so few of us even now dare avow, and set him on the high-road to real patriotism and the highest life—a sense of the equality of all nations and of all men.

And so in God's good time this man died, carrying with him this purgation—"CANTAVI."

The now made man, Armand, goes to the army—peaceful, earnest, bright, safe. Then, in two years' time, he meets Jules—this meeting being in January, 1870. Six months after—in June—they are seated in the Paris sunlight, friends for life, though so different—Armand being safe from the danger of deception, by reason of the knowledge created in him by that old, old weak man's will; the other, Jules, ignorant, superstitious, and as easily deceived as the merest child.

They were equally brave; but Jules might be seized by panic, while Armand, being the wiser, was less likely to suffer from fright.

One was drinking that cloudy green liquor, "absinthe," which the French army so much affected; the other was sipping that strange refreshment, a glass of cold coffee, tempered with iced water—one of the most refreshing and sober-like drinks under the yellow sun.

"I tell thee, there will be war," said Jules, as though the other said that there could not be, "and thou and I shall be, at least, colonels; and I shall not be jealous of thee, Armand, if thou art colonel first."

There was the brightness of the excitement absinthe is so clever at producing in the eyes of the boy—for he was scarcely more than a boy—as he spoke.

Armand, sober in his ways as in his drink, put his hand lightly upon the other's, and said, "Who may be first dead, *l'ami?*"

He said it in no unpleasant, lachrymose way, but the other turned pale.

"Never think of death. *Vive la France!* To your health, comrade."

And in this way the day passed. After the absinthe, mid-day breakfast, or lunch, as we may call it here in America—after this varied meal, a hand-in-pocket promenade in the Bois de Boulogne, where the fashions are no longer to be found, because it is June, and the French world of fashion scorns Paris in the summer-time. Then follows a cup of black coffee at the café by the cascade, and then a walk in the jardin d'acclimatisation; so back to a two-francs-and-half-a-dozen-courses dinner in the Palais Royal. Thence to Bulier's, with dances and cigars for Jules, and cigarettes and a quiet hour for the soberer Armand.

And at midnight they are once more in barracks—Jules a little intoxicated, and somewhat surly because his chum has got him away, and so saved him from being reported in the morning as absent without leave.

A month passes. Paris is up, and therefore France is ablaze.

"Prussia," cries every body, "has betrayed France; the King of Prussia has turned his back upon the French embassador, and war is certain."

A week before a mob would have been dispersed by the police—now the great thoroughfares are one vast crowd.

Three days since to have sung the wild, wine-mad, blind-of-passion national hymn, the "Marseillaise," would have been to court an iniquitous inquisition—the interior of a prison. Now the police pay their foul spies to sing the hymn, awakening ghastly and strange from the tomb which has covered it for almost eighteen years.

The air is alive with trumpet-calls and clash of arms. "To Berlin!" is the cry; and men, meeting soldiers, embrace them. As for the women, a blouse is as contemptible as a monk's cowl, and no bright eyes will smile upon it.

The army is swarming, and war is in the air. The bands blare, the tuck-tuck of the drum is constantly heard, the fifes are shrill as the women's *vives*, and common-sense and mercy, Christianity and human love, justice, are all thrust to the wall.

To Berlin! France is the master of the world. To Berlin! Russia has been humiliated; Austria has been driven back; England is civil; and Prussia must be taught her place in Europe.

Bah! the Germans can not fight. Hark you—they never fairly and alone stood against the "Little Corporal," and, since his time, the Chassepot and the mitrailleuse are victory in themselves, without help from generals.

The Chassepot, see you, is far better than the needle-gun; and of what avail is cannon against mitrailleuses? Forward! France is the world's arbiter.

The news runs that the Germans faint in the summer sun, and that they are fair and weak.

Turco is told that the German woman is fair, and a goodly feast.

And Turco—who is a wild animal from the ravines of unfortunate Algeria, where live the race of Ishmael, whose hands shall be against all men's—Turco, in his brand-new, light blue uniform and white turban, smiles a red-hot smile, and in his tumultuous heart knows that where there is strife there is advantage for him. How little or how much cares he for all those pale faces, French or German, who care but for one wife, who eat the flesh of swine, and who believe not, O Allah!—in Mohammed?

The city is out-of-doors, marking the tens upon tens of thousands of soldiers moving forward, their faces to the east. The morning sun falls upon them—'tis a good augury.

The weather is growing hotter.

Ha! the Emperor has started, and he takes with him his son.

Then there is a lull.

Paris is empty of soldiers, and no news arrives from the Rhine.

M'Mahon is the greatest soldier in the world, 'tis said.

Some swear by De Failly, others by Bazaine, others by Canrobert, while some say Palikao is the man.

But at the head of all stands Napoleon III., and the Empress is Regent at the Tuileries.

So—the Prussians are in France.

* * * * * * *

Why is there no news from the war?

"Ah, the Prussians have blown up the bridge at Kehl—les lâches.

So—the war has begun.

Saarbruck is taken. The Prince is a true soldier. He has been under fire.

Then—Weissenburg.

Then—Wörth.

* * * * * * *

It is Weissenburg. Armand Bellingé and Jules Praier are side by side.

Confusion, smoke, explosion, rattle of musketry, the scream of shells in the air, the cutting, slatting rush of bullets, varied by reddened blazes of opal fire through the thick, heavy white smoke.

This is what a battle is to the private while waiting for orders.

"Chasseurs—forward!"

Cries nearer now. The voice of the captain of their company, and the men known here by name move forward with thousands of others.

"Halt!"

They are nearly within range.

The private now knows what war is when orders have come.

Those who direct the battle are on the hill-top.

Mark these galloping men—they belong to the staff, and are carrying orders.

"Attention: forward!"

On again, at the swift chasseurs' pace.

Hit!—there is a jet of screams—a hole is made in the ranks—a cry comes of "Re-form!" and half a score of men are left dead, dying, and wounded on the field.

The marshal's baton is not for any of them. A moment, and their worlds of hope are at an end.

The two friends embrace each other by a mere look, for their hands are now their country's, and they can not grasp them.

Suddenly the smoke-cloud rises, as a sweep of wind comes past, and there are two great cries, one in French, the other in German.

But the latter is vastly the louder, for there are Germans, Germans interminable, and as the ants upon a hill-side in high summer.

A moment, and the firing has begun nearer at hand. The old Brown Bess would be as good for aiming as the needle-gun or Chassepot, for the so-called enemies are not a hundred yards apart.

So near that the quick-eyed Jules can see the sturdy, fresh German marking down Armand. As he turns, the friend falls—well shot through the heart.

Is there or is there not a look to his left, at which Jules stands?

This is what the surviving comrade can not say. In a moment he is dead, the face and hair smirched with the already reddened ground.

Sparse time for sentiment. A sudden movement drives him over the body of his friend; and then it is that he thinks himself wounded because he feels faint. His want of educational training prevents him from self-sustentation. The panic of affrighted ignorance is beginning to set in.

Ah, but the face of the German who shot his "intime," his chum, his "pays," is printed on his angry and affrighted brain.

He has no thought of the marshal's baton now.

Thousands upon thousands more of the Germans, as the smoke rises; to the right, to the left, a-down in the hollows, a-high on the hills—steady, quiet, slow in their movements—never wavering.

Suddenly—a hail of bullets on their left flank, and the regiment wavers.

As suddenly—a hail of shot on their right flank, while the dead-straight lead and curving iron are belching upon their front.

On the ground (now an umber red at various points, and not a blade of grass, or vine, or corn to be seen) are dead men, in the strangest attitudes—wounded men, battling against the trampling feet of their own comrades.

Ha! The retreat is sounded!

A whirl of cries. Victory. The Germans are upon them.

Over the dead, over the dying, over those who can not move because of broken legs or blood-exhausting wounds, over the blind and the stunned, crash the flying thousands of their former comrades, every moment the number on the ground being added to, the enemy after them accomplishing with their feet and horses' hoofs the work begun by their comrades.

When the day is over, and the ghastly muster-roll is called, to half the names no "Here!" is responded. More than half the men of the regiment are either dead, wounded, or prisoners.

This is their first action, and the men are not accustomed to battle and to failure yet.

While daylight lasts no tears are seen; but the night-time can not muffle the sounds of sobbing.

The white flag is out by this time, and German and Frenchman are side by side, kneeling over the dead and dying.

Doctors, especially, are busy. Here are piles of arms—there a heap of the spiked helmets of the Prussian line—there a larger heap of the broad-peaked French képis.

On all sides broken arms and tattered clothes. It is like a hospital dislocated by an earthquake.

Already the beasts of prey are about, from the human kites (who are created, it would seem, upon the battle-field, who rob the dead, and perchance kill the dying) to the birds and beasts who gather at the smell of blood. The hawks and the falcons have already wheeled in the evening air. The crows, the rooks, and the ravens have already settled down upon the neighborhood of the field, like a diaper of funereal pall; the weasels, the stoats, and the field ermine have come out from their holes, raising their sharp snouts in the blood-stained air. The farm rats savor something more palatable than last year's corn or the hard farm bacon; and the wolf, which still slidingly crawls in the Alsatian woods, has proclaimed himself in his hoarse, quick bark.

Little lanterns, like glow-worms, only yellower, are wandering from point to point, stopping here, moving quickly from there; and the night, as seen from the battle-field, is fringed on two sides, east and west, with camp-fires, and especially to the east, where the myriad German soldiers are gathering strength for the morrow's massacres.

Over all the moon shines—grand jewel in her celestial quiet, set in an expanse of lesser jeweled plenitude of peace and quietude. For of what avail to time and space is a hard-fought contest in one corner of our globe?

Let us go back to this human field.

One little lamp is more active than the rest—moving along, never stopping for more than a moment, yet never ceasing to stop.

Peer through the clear darkness of the moonlight, and you will see this light rest for a moment at a higher level than that of the mass of searching lamps.

Come nearer the carrier, and you may mark that he is looking about him as though calculating distances.

Then on the lamp went again. It could have been marked that the lamp was going in no direct line, and moved generally in a northeasterly direction.

The battle-field is quiet enough now. The wounded have ceased to groan, and are waiting patiently, or are asleep. The yearning cries for water are at an end.

So—there are no cries.

Yes—suddenly. One.

And the little light you have been watching at the same moment drops and vanishes. In another quarter of an hour a visiting party of Prussians, examining the field, come to a touching group of two men—one whose fair hair is reddened, and whose all-unlustrous eyes and yawing mouth bespeak him dead.

Upon the body, face over the dead heart, lies a human figure, clasping one of the rigid hands.

"Freundschaft," says one of the Germans—"und tod."

Friendship and death—not really. The one has passed away from friendship, the other has not reached death.

The Germans start back, as the uppermost figure murmurs, "Good-by, old friend! good-by, comrade! dead! dead!"

The Germans look at each other sorrowfully, for they are not angry in their war of triumph.

One stoops, and in strongly German-accented French he says, "What ails you, friend?"

He looks in the moonlight, sees the face which was bent upon his friend's when the bullet removed him, and, with a cry, he falls away from the dead friend and the living foe.

When next this poor, ignorant, loving fellow, Jules, knows himself he is once more in the French lines, and lying under a hospital tent. Some searching spirit or strong salt saturates a handkerchief laid upon his forehead.

Says a pleasant voice, "Good-morning, my friend; you are yourself again."

The speaker is a pleasant-faced man, who wears a badge upon his arm—a red cross on a white ground.

"Yes," says the soldier, "quite strong."

And next day he is with his company, his swarthy face pallid, his merry voice silent, his laughing lips unparted, his eyes dull and piteously yearning.

He is an eager, a kindly, an undisciplined, ignorant man, now suffering the miseries of ignorance, as at other times he has escaped the sorrows of knowledge.

It was downward work with the French from the first. Once again this poor fellow, Jules, now so lonely, is in action with his regiment.

Ha! if he can only see the face he has now marked twice! Oh, for a third time! Let him but once again see the face!

He swears to kill him.

But in battle what man meets to-morrow the hand-to-hand enemy of to-day? More and more Prussians! To the right, to the left, in front, and finally surrounded!

The regiment is a mere point; the Germans are a thick belt of men.

Neither forward can they go, nor retreat.

Their shot diverges; the German lead converges; and the sickly yet fresh smell of warm blood is strong enough in the air to overpower the searching smell of the powder.

Ha! the eagle is down; and an officer rides forward, with the point of his sword nearly touching the ground; and the bugle sounds, and the order is given to ground arms.

The regiment has capitulated, and the men are German prisoners.

So—the war will no more make Jules a marshal than it did poor Armand, now buried, with hundreds of others, beneath the already cracked and upheaved ground.

The battle is over, and Jules is a prisoner.

But if he could only see the German vermin who shot Armand.

Now the first of the German prisoners were forwarded to Germany by rail.

It has been told how the Frenchmen had been informed that the Germans were heathens, savages, monsters.

But lo! before the first train reached Berlin the willfully misinformed French prisoners learned that these people were kindly, simple souls, for the most part, who brought them huge chunks of bread and sausage, and poured for them draughts of plain, wholesome beer.

At first they feared poison—soon they wanted more.

A week from that time Jules Praier is billeted at a small farm some thirty miles from Berlin. He is no longer a soldier; he is a prisoner upon parole; and he leads an easy life enough of it, because he is willing to be useful, and because the people upon whom he is billeted speak some French.

Moreover, he had discovered, with the charming delight of friendly ignorance, that the name of his entertainer is almost the same as his own—he is Jules Praier, they are named Preier—the words, allowing for the pronunciation of each language, being almost identical.

In two or three days his shyness has worn off, and as laziness is not an attribute of health, and Jules is healthy, he is glad enough to go working in the harvest-fields with the women of the farm.

Strange, indeed, it is that while the German farmer, who should be there, is away in France, a prisoner from France is doing the German farmer's field-work.

The Germans are a little afraid of him at first, and especially when he has great bursts of grief in memory of his dead friend, and flings himself upon his knees in the midst of the yellow cornland, or in the old homestead, and prays with eager lips, with trembling hands, and streaming eyes.

The women, followers of a less eager shape of prayer, mistrust yet pity these wild appeals to high Heaven. But they soon find that there is the same humanity in his heart as in theirs.

It is especially to Lischen that he looks up. Lischen is fair of skin, blue of eye, while there is something in her face which the prisoner can not comprehend, and which really is that presence of knowledge which always makes itself evident upon every face which masks even only a partially enlightened intellect.

This Lischen awakens no more thought of passion in the man's hot, eager, Gallic heart than in the church of his native village did the lily-bearing statue of the *mater purissima*.

She awes him.

"How comest thou to speak French?" he asks in the midst of the swish-swish of the scythe, and cracking chop of the reaping-hook.

"We have lived in France," she says; "for the father was once a baker."

"Dost thou like France?"

"Not so dearly as Germany."

"But they do not sing in Germany."

"No, because of the war. But when the good time of peace shall come we shall sing in bands all through the year. In Germany we all know songs, but now we are dumb except when we sing hymns."

"Ah!" the Frenchman cries, as though discovering something, "paternosters and credos?"

"No; hymns," said Lischen, in a gently perverse tone.

"Dost *thou* sing hymns?"

"Ah! we sang one when he left us. We sang 'Gottes liebe.'"

"'Gottes liebe?'"

"'God's love,'" she said.

"Ah, *we* sang the 'Marseillaise.' Who was *he* that went away?"

"My brother. He has gone to the war."

"He is not yet dead?"

"No; oh no, no!"

Here came another eager, frantic moment of prayer on the part of the poor, ignorant Frenchman—he remembering his friendship.

"Lisbeth, that thou seest in the dairy, is his wife. They were married only one hour before he joined the army; 'For,' said she, 'if I may not long be thy wife, I can all my life be thy widow. Go; fight for thy country!'"

This simple, plain, candid German woman stupefies the Frenchman—she is so different from the dark-eyed, mobile girl peasantry of his native France.

He plucks up a little banter.

"And thou—hast thou no sweetheart?"

"Oh no," she says, with the frank simplicity of a little child.

Day follows day, and behold the Frenchman follows Lischen about like a dog. The women at this small farm, led by the old, old father, clap their hands, and cry "Oh!"—and meanwhile the poor lad, who daily thinks less of his dead friend, yet each day reproaches himself more acutely for his forgetfulness—meanwhile he finds the hours tripping by.

He has learned a few words of stuttering German, and he is very glad to air them.

Days go past, they not telling him of the German victories. Alsace is conquered, Lorraine is conquered.

The German cannon roars at Strasburg; Nancy is no longer a free French town.

The Germans are spreading like a fan over northeastern France.

Marshal M'Mahon is in flight; Bazaine is shut up in Metz.

But Jules Praier knows nothing of all this. He works in the fields, finding, each day, the song of the lark more beautiful, the colors of the flowers rarer.

The hum of the bee will make his heart leap, the flutter of a butterfly will make his soul sing.

The memory of the poor, fair friend, Armand, is being displaced by the implacable conqueror, Love. This fair, calm, grave, generous Lischen is absorbing his very soul.

The 14th of August, and the 16th, and the 18th, the awful day which is to be known as that of the battle of Gravelotte—they all passed, and the military majesty of France was nearly broken. But the dark, bright-eyed prisoner knows only vaguely of all these matters—nor, indeed, have the Germans themselves heard more than rumors.

He works like a slave, does the prisoner; is as obedient as a child, as easily pleased as an infant.

And what of Lischen?

She has dazzled the stranger with her calm, fair beauty; so he had bewildered her with his eagerness and natural brilliancy of life. But she is calm, and hides her tenderness. He, on the contrary, has no natural power of concealment.

"Herr Praier," she cries, early one morning, almost as excited as a Frenchwoman, "here is a letter from our brother!"

"Ma foi! Can he write?"

"Ay, all Germans can write! Thou shalt hear what he says!"

"Parbleu! Canst *thou* read?"

"Ay, almost all German women read."

The Frenchman is distraught and pale as the fräulein reads the brother's letter—for is it not the history of the fall of France? But he has still comprehension which he can spare to feel dazzled by her wisdom.

"Canst thou not write?" she asks.

He shakes his head, his face being crimson enough by this time.

"And canst thou not read?"

Another slow shake of the head, held still lower than before.

"Ha! they say in Germany that we have conquered your people because we can all read and write."

The Frenchman looks up.

"Mais! if we others, we French, all wrote and read, thinkest thou we could beat the Germans?"

"Ah!" cries the fräulein. "Did all the French read and write they would be wise enough not to quarrel with us, but to love us."

"Will *thou* teach *me* to read and to write, Gretchen?"

An awkward, sweet "Ya" replies to the word "Gretchen," and two hearts are beating.

For, see you, there is no hatred between peoples—only prejudice, lies, ignorance, and power fighting for itself with other powers, and to that end setting honest people to work killing each other. Only these infamies separate the various peoples.

The blood-red month of August, 1870, sweeps on, as many seconds long as all the Augusts of the world has seen, and the awful 1st of September is at hand.

Sedan is down—the self-made Emperor is vanquished—Sedan is a heap of ruins—Paris is in revolt—the Spanish lady, called the Regent-Empress, has fled from her palace—every Napoleon is in a place of safety; and the lad who received the baptism of fire flees to the shore which, whatever be its faults, receives all comers without demanding passports.

But only vaguely do Lischen and the prisoner hear of these things.

That quality of love which conquers patriotism, blood, caution, even common-sense, and sometimes common honor, has besieged and vanquished them.

There is no Germany, no France, for these two; there is the universal empire of love, and commonplace patriotism is shivering out in the cold.

The republic exists; the Prussians march upon Paris; war is in the very air, and the world watches with bated breath; but the end of vain rivalries, love, has blinded Lischen and the prisoner, and the days dance by.

Strasburg falls.

Does ever he reproach himself when alone? does she? Be that as it may, when they meet their world is complete.

What of to-morrow?

They have no to-morrow—to-day is their all.

Days, weeks pass.

It is still to-day for them.

But upon one peaceful Sunday morning, when the great bells of the Gothic German churches are ringing out their wide hallelujahs, there comes to the farm a fair and stalwart man in uniform, his left arm in a sling.

The two are hand in hand, looking out upon the golden world before them.

"Mein bruder!" cries Lischen.

"C'est lui!" cries the Frenchman; "c'est lui!"

This brother is the man who shot tender-hearted and just Armand Bellingé—he whose friendship was so kindly noble.

So, loving the sister of the man who killed his one dear friend, what shall he do?

He remembers his oath: shall he kill him? Why, how can he?

Then the thought of suicide settles upon him.

Die, and leave her?

The brother is home from the wars, with a broken arm. He is pleasant, frank, candid, for he is a little wise.

And when, another week being past, his honest sister tells him all, the soldier says, "Why not? Let it be so. When the war is over, and peace is with us, all men will be brothers. The only enemy is sin."

Here the Frenchman kisses Hermann Preier's hand, and he says, "Brother Hermann, I will learn."

TARGET EXCURSIONS.

IN their most familiar shape the greater number of the target companies of New York are a wretched perversion of an originally good purpose. As organized at first, for rural recreation and harmless sport, they were not only unobjectionable in themselves, but sometimes led to excellent results in rifle practice. Many of the companies, composed of the employés of large manufacturing and other firms, still retain this character, and their annual excursions are creditable displays. But the legions of target companies that infest our streets just before a general or State election are very different organizations. Most of them bear a quasi-political character, and the members are, in fact, nothing more than election brawlers for some local demagogue. It is very simply managed. Some fellow with nothing else to do, by the aid of his own or the public purse, will enlist fifty or sixty corner-grocery idlers, and organize them into a company by appointing himself the captain. He has then but little difficulty in finding some wealthy aspirant for office ready to equip the men with red shirts and muskets, in return for which the company bears his name, and is supposed to be devoted to his interests. But, like all mercenaries, they will fight under any flag. The captain holds the gang in readiness to make forays upon public officials of every grade and creed with rigorous impartiality. Tribute is demanded upon pain of the forfeiture of the confidence and support of the company, and is taken in any shape in which it may be offered. It is gathered under pretense of prizes to be shot for; and although some few of the more potent companies get such substantial things as silver pitchers, the multitude have pewter cups and similar trash palmed off upon them. They have now so increased in numbers that they make demands upon every body in the ward, and taken any thing offered, so that lately one of these companies paraded with a handsomely mounted coffin, which one company had obtained from an undertaker to pledge for liquor.

But whatever may be the prize, its possession rarely depends upon the marksman's skill, as their excursions are simply the excuse for all kinds of rowdyism, and their shooting entirely apocryphal. Generally each company is supposed to have but one excursion each year, but the Democratic "Smith Guards" of one day becoming the Republican "Jones Rangers" of the next, and repeating their operation as often as caprice may dictate, some companies obtain unlimited free drink, and food during an entire political campaign. Demoralizing to the members, and a threat to the public, it is fortunate these organized frauds are short-lived, as most of them die with the occasion that gave them existence, and few survive the second year. The same men undoubtedly make up other and succeeding companies, but as their associations are constantly changing, the organizations never become welded into a dangerous mass. It is impossible to say how many of these target companies are in existence each autumn, but each ward in the city has at least half a dozen. Politicians in pretense, but marauders in practice, they are quasi-military companies, unauthorized and uncontrolled by law; they are a menace to the public peace, to which the attention of the Legislature was called some years ago by the Police Commissioners in an annual report. But nothing was then or has since been done to control or suppress them.

In the sketch to be found on page 48 of this paper an artist has happily and humorously hit off the characteristics of one of these target excursions. The company has been out all day, and is returning in a very jolly condition, which can not be altogether the result of steady rifle practice. The inevitable darky, whose presence seems to be essential to the dignity of every such excursion, brings up the rear with the disfigured target. It is certainly well shot through; but, doubtless, it would be difficult to get from any of the party a true statement of the range at which it was done.

FRANCE AFTER THE WAR.

THE war between France and Prussia was caused by social movements, and it must issue in still greater. Bismarck and Napoleon were each driven to divert the energy of their respective nations to foreign war by the upheaving of the popular spirit at home. The imminent danger to his own throne at last drove Napoleon into war. The very disasters of France are due to the same cause. France is still heaving with internal revolution. There the great social struggle between capital and labor, that prolonged struggle on which England and America are entering, and to which Germany is approaching, is already far advanced. The real cause of the war, of the disasters, of the powerlessness of France, is one and the same: that France is in the convulsion of a social revolution. She is divided against herself. Workman and employer, rich and poor, stand apart in two camps, distrusting each other, counterworking each other, and thus a prey to political adventurers. France is thus for a time weak, and falls in war an easy victim to the unity of Germany, in which, from its more backward social condition, all this crisis is yet to come.

But the moment France has weathered the storm, the impulse given to her social movement will be enormous. The republic has been established, and the republic itself is the only institution in France which has not been discredited. France, too, has been happily relieved of that incubus which has hitherto rested on progress—her army. Those 350,000 prætorians—those marshals, generals, and staff; guns, standards, material, and eagles—the whole chauvinist camp, from Emperor to drummer-boy, have been swept into space and into ignominy. The professional soldier in France is morally dead. Her army, the curse of Europe and of civilization, has gone out with an ill savor. It was not the *déchéance* of Napoleon that was proclaimed on the 4th of September, but the *déchéance* of militarism. The soldier is become an anachronism—the symbol of national degradation. The only sort of honor has been won by workmen and peasant volunteers—a true citizen-army of national guard. For the first time in French history the workmen of the great towns are armed and organized, and the whole of the new army from top to bottom is essentially democratic. In a military sense this may as yet be a weakness; but, in a political sense, it means the emancipation of the people.

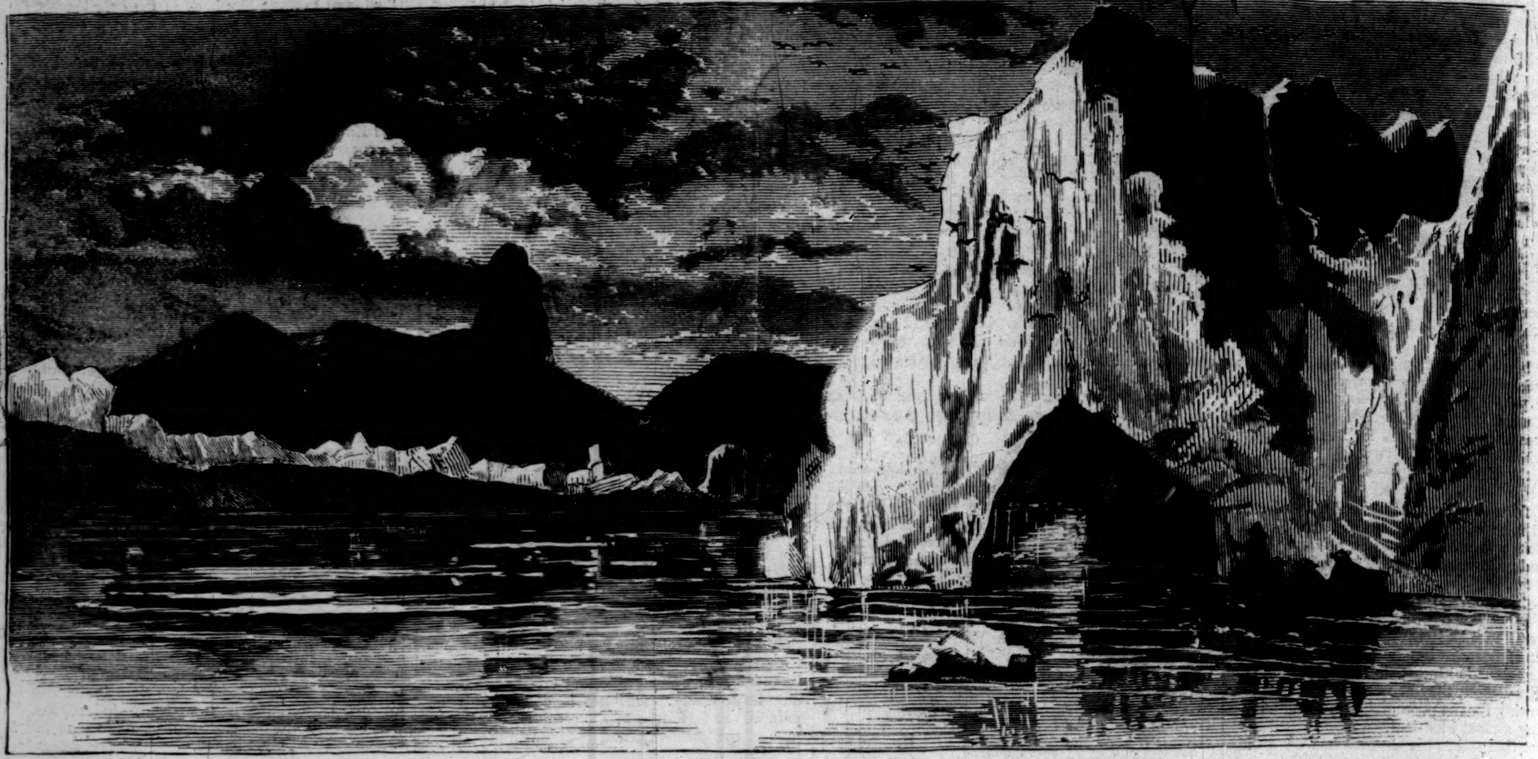
Even after the fall of Paris the war may be indefinitely prolonged. But it must end some day. And then, with France exhausted, stripped of every thing, wealth and the means of wealth annihilated, she will be in the position of a new country; capital will be in search of labor, and labor will be master of the situation. However long the war continue, and however great the sufferings of France, it is the rich who really suffer. The poor, so long as they keep their own skins whole, and are not actually starving, do not lose much, for the simple reason that they have nothing to lose. A Prussian invasion to them involves no greater personal loss than individual distress, hard times, or a lock-out—indeed, far less, for they are the most indispensable part of the public, and must be fed.

On the conclusion of peace, therefore, the people, socially and politically, will be masters of the destinies of France, and therefore of Europe. All that France loses in material ascendency in Europe she will gain in moral ascendency. Peace can not be made in such a way but that relatively labor shall be left in the ascendant. It was so after the hurly-burly of '93, and it will be so again after '70. And the workmen are the only people who have upheld the honor of France. Thus, however France may be materially crippled, the cause of the republic and of labor will come to the front. Even if the republic itself collapse in the strife—for France is still divided into two camps, the rich and poor—the republican element will be strong. And France will retain and increase her moral influence. Not only Napoleonism and militarism are *déchus* henceforth in France, but something else; and that is the indolent extravagance of the rich. The degraded and selfish pomp of the third empire is a thing of the past. For once since '93 liberty *and equality* have begun to be realities.

A MONSTER OF CRUELTY.

DURING the reign of Duke Philippe le Bon there lived in Burgundy a man known as the Bâtard de Vannes, who seems to have taken a fiendish delight in tormenting all who unfortunately came within his clutches. His habit was to seize poor peasants in the open country, tie their hands behind their backs, and drag them, attached to his stirrup, to his strong-hold, where he kept them prisoners until he received a heavy ransom. But as this was often not forthcoming, he hanged them on a tree, which, from the number of wretches who had died on it, was called Vannes's gallows. One day he captured a youth, who was engaged in the peaceful occupation of plowing. Having dragged him to his strong-hold, he put him to the torture, in order to exact a large ransom from him. The peasant, who had not long been married, contrived to inform his wife of the fearful calamity which had befallen him, and of the sum demanded for his ransom. The latter, though daily expecting her confinement, determined immediately on going to Vannes, hoping that, by an interview with him, she should soften his heart. But she little knew the nature of the monster with whom she had to deal. Neither her entreaties, her tears, nor the condition in which she was, had the slightest effect on Vannes, who declared that the only means of saving her husband's life was to bring the stated ransom; and, moreover, that if this were not forthcoming immediately, her husband's life would be forfeited. The poor wife, finding that no words could cause Vannes to relent, did all in her power to procure the sum in question, and at length, by using the greatest exertions, she succeeded. But eight days elapsed before she was enabled to place it in Vannes's hands. Overcome with fatigue, and in momentary expectation of becoming a mother, she had barely strength to drag herself to the place appointed by Vannes for meeting her. "Pay the ransom," he said, "and you shall then see your husband." She produced the money; it was eagerly seized on by Vannes, who told the poor wife that, on going to a neighboring tree, she would see her husband suspended from it—the payment of the ransom having been delayed so long, he had put him to death.

The wretched wife, driven to madness and desperation by this avowal, uttered piercing shrieks and reproaches. Vannes bade her be silent, but as his commands had no effect on the poor woman, Vannes ordered that she should be beaten and bound to the foot of the tree from the branches of which her husband, with many others, hung suspended. Her cries, though they availed not to move the heart of the tyrant, attracted the wolves to this scene of torture, who quickly put an end to the poor victim's misery.



THE DEVIL'S THUMB.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ACROSS THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

BY DR. ISAAC I. HAYES.

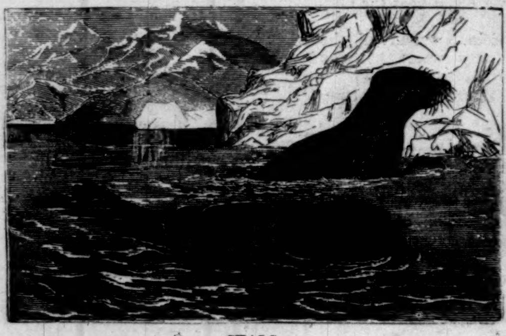
CHAPTER II.

Hunting Bears by Steam.—An exciting Chase through the Ice.—Ice Bears and their Habits.—Maternal Instinct and Affection.—Stalking a Seal.—Reindeer.—The Devil's Thumb.

IN the preceding chapter we traced the course of the steamship *Panther* "across the arctic circle," as far up in the head waters of Baffin Bay as the Duck Islands; and there the party on board would have been well content to remain for days, shooting eider-ducks, had a report not been circulated that larger game was likely to be had for the seeking.

Our movements were governed either by the caprice of the company or by the earnest claims of Mr. Bradford, the only person on board who had any "business" whatever to attend to. Where the rest of us went was a matter of no sort of consequence; but Bradford must needs be after every iceberg and mountain with sketch-book and camera. On the present occasion, however, his views happily coincided with every body else's, and when it was proposed to up anchor and go for bears there was a general shout of approbation.

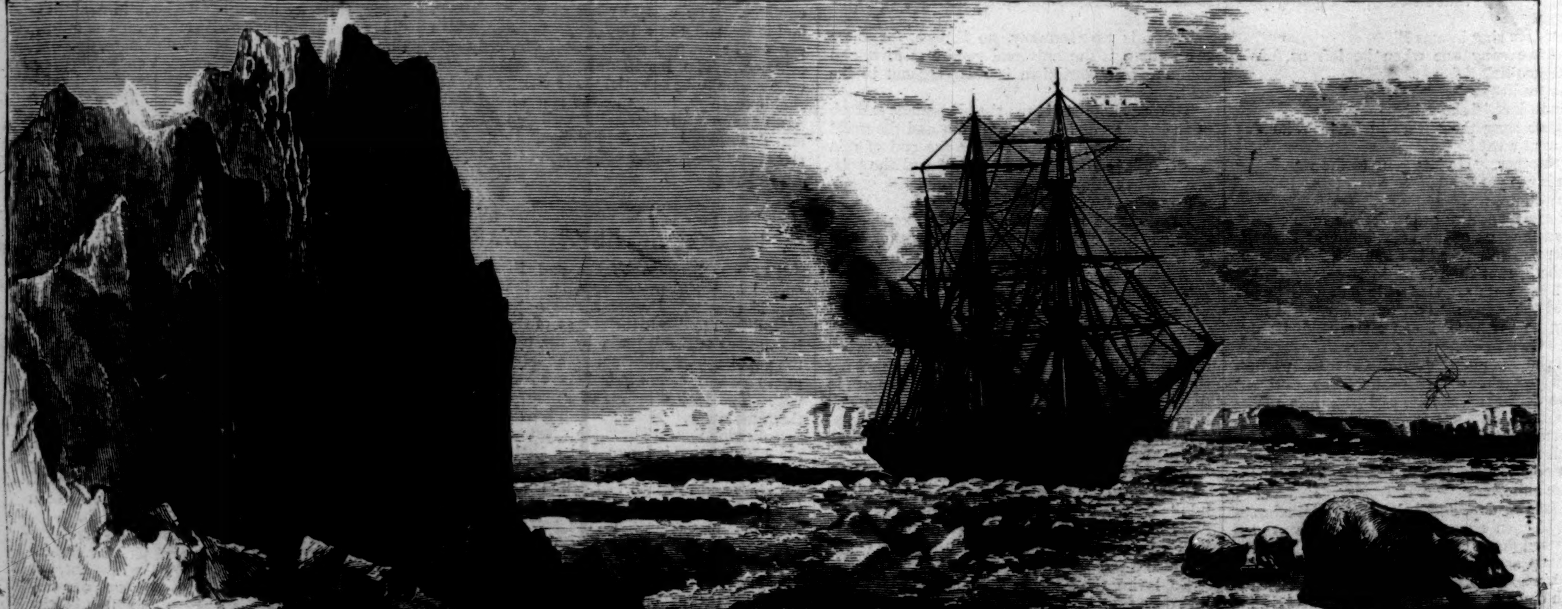
While the chain is clicking in the hawse-hole, let us take a quiet view of the situation. There is no need, however, to describe with much minuteness the "Melville Bay pack" which lay before us. The ice freshly broken up in any large river is a sufficient illustration, provided the imagination will stretch the river to three hundred miles in width, and magnify the drifting fields of ice in proportion. In the early part of the season this ice is very hard and many feet in thickness; but by August (which was the time of our being there) it has become porous, its thickness has been greatly reduced, much of it is on the eve of disappearing altogether, and still more of it has quite melted away. Almost all the fields, or the "floes," as they are called by the whalers, have been eaten through in places; and over all there are pools of water formed of melted snow, which give them a mottled appearance.



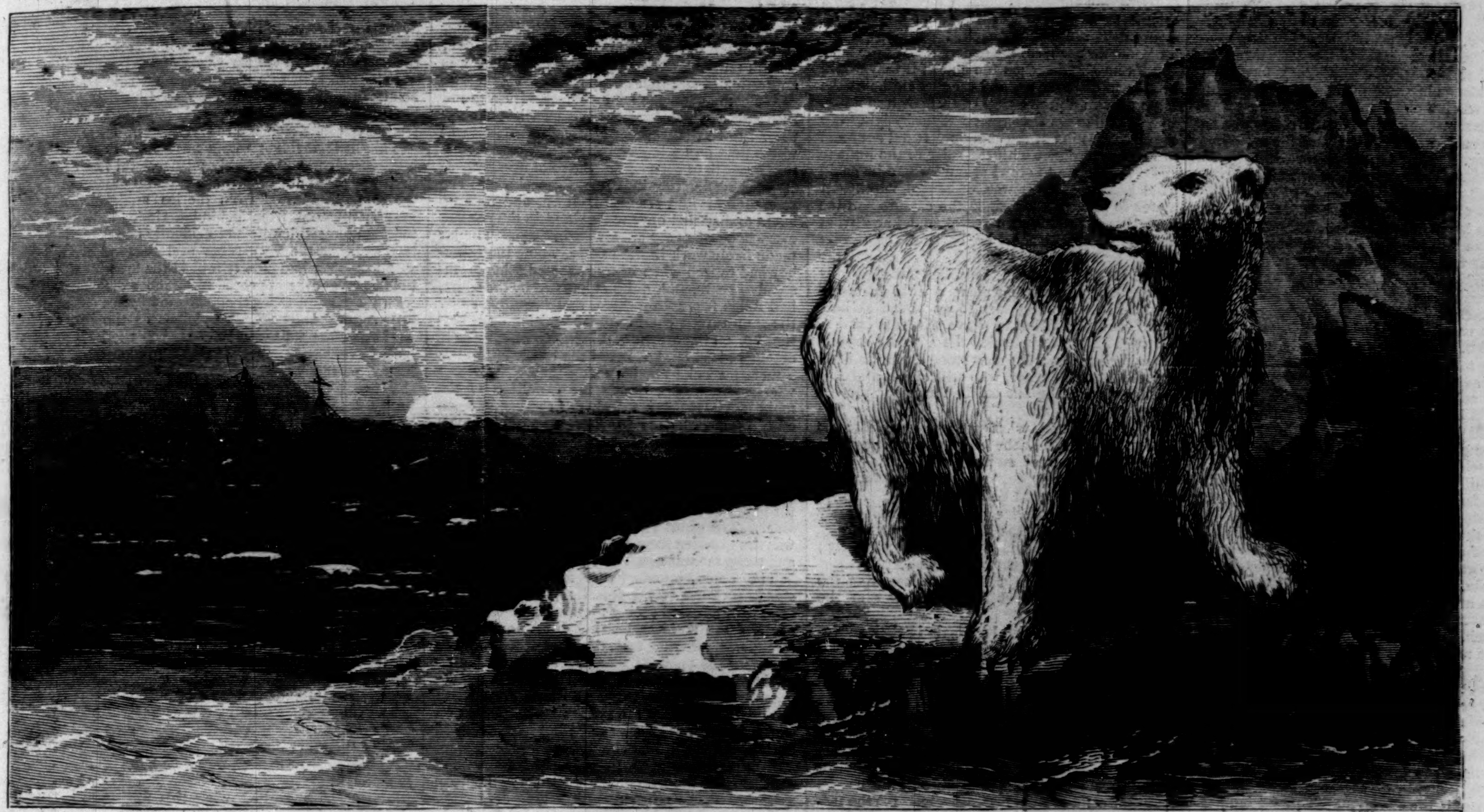
SEALS.

In the month of August this "pack" is mostly confined to the Melville Bay region; hence the name of "Melville Bay pack," which I have used before. At that season the navigation is not particularly difficult or dangerous. By keeping well away from the land the passage can then always be made with safety. It was by following the opposite course that Captain M'Clintock, of the *Fox*, found himself delayed in 1857, and finally frozen up, with no alternative but to pass the winter drifting with the "pack" in a most uncomfortable and hazardous situation. Had he followed the example and advice of Dr. Kane he might have won his knightly spurs a year sooner, and with less discomfort. Earlier in the summer the pack extends far down Baffin Bay; and south of the arctic circle it stretches away to the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland. And it is here that commerce profits by it, for the seals flock to it the moment it has ceased to be the solid ice of the winter, and become the "pack" ice of the spring. Of these seals there are many varieties. Some are permanent denizens of the North; others are migratory. These last only are found so low as Newfoundland and Labrador. Seeking the ice in the month of March, they crawl upon it, and there bring forth their young. These seals come up from the south—from the St. Lawrence region and along the shores of New Brunswick and Maine, where they have wintered—and with the ice they drift back south again until it melts away. Other varieties (the true arctic seals) adhere to the solid ice, as far as possible, and, if drifted off southward with the pack, return north again to winter, and then, in order to breathe (for the seals are not fish, and can not breathe under water) they are compelled to keep holes open in the ice with their sharp claws. These true arctic seals are not so numerous as the southern varieties, of which latter millions may sometimes be seen at one time upon the drifting pack. It is the young of these (when from two to three weeks old), that are slaughtered in such great numbers by the seal-fishers. The vessels, usually small schooners, but sometimes steamers like our *Panther* (which was built for that service), enter the pack, and the crew, scattering to right and left over the ice, gather up the seals as they go along, the vessel merely keeping pace with them. Upon the first attack the old ones abandon their young to their fate, and the innocent, whining "baby seals," too young to appreciate danger, are captured without difficulty—a tap on the nose with the toe of a boot or with a boat's "gaff" robbing them quickly of what little life they have.

If the reader's patience has held out during this digression, I hope he will endure a still further, though shorter one, in relation to the bears. I mean, of course, the bears of the arctic regions, known in different localities by different names. "Ice bears" they are usually called in the far North, because they are not found elsewhere than on the ice. But further south this is not always true of them, since both from choice and necessity they often take the water, and are generally known on "the Labrador" as "water bears." They are often carried off from the pack upon a single ice-field, which, going to pieces under them, forces them to swim perhaps many miles before reaching another. I have seen one swimming in a heavy sea, where there was not a piece



THE "PANTHER" AFTER THE BEARS.



POLAR BEAR ON A CAKE OF FLOATING ICE.

of ice in sight. They seldom take to the land, and never voluntarily. Their food has either failed them on the ice, or they are pursued by enemies, or the ice has all melted away and left them no alternative. The naturalist's name, *Ursus maritimus*, expresses their character perfectly. ("The bear of the sea.") In color they are yellowish-white—quite dark, indeed, in contrast with the snow. "White bear" is therefore a misnomer, as is also "polar bear," which is the name most commonly in use.

The food of the seal consists of those low forms of marine life known to naturalists as *invertebrata*, and sometimes certain varieties of *mollusca*. The former exist in vast numbers in the icy waters of the North; and it is this abundant supply of food which attracts to that quarter of the world not the seals alone, but those enormous flights of birds of which we read, and some idea of which was given in the last Number. On the other hand, the food of the bear is the seal; and, therefore, wherever ice is seen seals may be expected; so, where seals are seen, you may look out for bears.

It was a knowledge of this fact that made the report that the pack was visible from the look-out station on the Duck Islands so peculiarly welcome to the people of the *Panther*.

The anchor is a-weigh, and the steam is up, and the *Panther* heads northward in the calm evening. The sun is in the west, a good way above the horizon, and a pleasant glow is over sea and land and glacier. We steer for Wilcox Point, fifteen miles in a northeasterly direction from the Duck Islands, and it is a very lofty, noble headland. We spread out the map on deck to see what comes next, and where we are to go. Eastward from Wilcox Point we observe that the coast trends some miles, and then comes a mountain called "The Devil's Thumb;" and as we subsequently see it, it has very much the appearance of a thumb projecting vertically above the hand when it is placed edgewise on the table, with the little finger down. We afterward discover the hand to be an island, and the thumb the centre of it, but we did not know it then. Why the Devil's Thumb rather than the thumb of some more respectable character might seem puzzling; but I fancy that that dark spirit of evil was complimented with this monument on account of his supposed influence over the neighboring sea. The sea is there, indeed, very perilous, and no part of Baffin Bay is so much dreaded as that vicinity. The icebergs are so numerous that the locality is often called "Bergy Hole;" and the currents are so swift that a sailing vessel, once becalmed off "The Thumb," is very likely to be sucked in and whirled about, as if there were some secret and supernatural influence at work upon the waters; and if the ship escapes without getting battered against an iceberg or so, and being much damaged in consequence, she is very lucky. Dr. Kane's brig *Advance* got whirled into this dangerous situation, and I shall not soon forget the struggle of hours at the oars—by which means the brig was saved, though not until every body was thoroughly worn out, and ready to drop dead with fatigue.

In a northwesterly direction from the Devil's Thumb, and distant from it about two hundred miles, lies Cape York, and between these two points the coast makes a deep curve, and the space thus embraced is Melville Bay—though the name has really a wider significance—the term Melville Bay being usually meant to signify that part of Baffin Bay west of it, where the "middle ice" is always lying. The whole sweep of Melville Bay is one vast line of glaciers, wholly unapproachable, and from which are cast off an incredible number of icebergs, that are scattered over Baffin Bay in all directions, and by accumulating in greater numbers, year by year, gather the field-ice about them more and more, and thus render navigation each year more difficult and perilous. Since ships first penetrated Melville Bay a very perceptible change has taken place.

Most of which information we gather from the map; and while gathering it the *Panther* is coming, bows on, to the very first field-ice we have seen. There it is before us—a great, long, level plane of white and blue, stretching beyond the line of vision. It does not look so very formidable, after all, and is rather disappointing, until the ship takes a projecting tongue, and, by the shock that it gives us, shows there is more body to the ice than first appeared. In fact, from seven-eighths to nine-tenths of it lies below the surface of the water, and not until the *Panther* had split a fragment off and turned it up on its edge, as the bow slid over it, did we appreciate its really solid quality.

But this was a brush not worth mentioning; and on went the *Panther* beyond and across clear water until we approached another great field, which had at first appeared to be a part of the one which we had passed; but the event proved that there was a wide streak of open water stretching to the northward, which a whaleman would call a "lead;" and, seeing that our further headway in that direction was cut off, we bore away three points from Wilcox Point, and steamed north at great speed between the "floes."

Very soon there was no water to be seen except the lead we were in—ice to right and left of us—unless we went aloft, when other leads were visible, meandering among the floes in all directions. The lead we had entered was at first at least a mile wide; but as we proceeded it gradually narrowed, then became crooked; loose floes of small size were lying here and there upon it. And the mate, who was aloft, kept the man at the wheel busy enough with his "starboards" and "ports" and "steadys," until it was reported that our lead was a blind lead, and we were coming to the end of it. An immense floe lay between the two great floes to right and left of us, jammed tight and squeezed and broken up, more or less, upon its sides. This was the report from aloft, and the mate cried, "Starboard!—hard a-starboard!"

"What's that for?" shouted the captain, with stentorian voice. "What do you want to starboard for?"

"Jammed tight every where, and we must go back," said the mate.

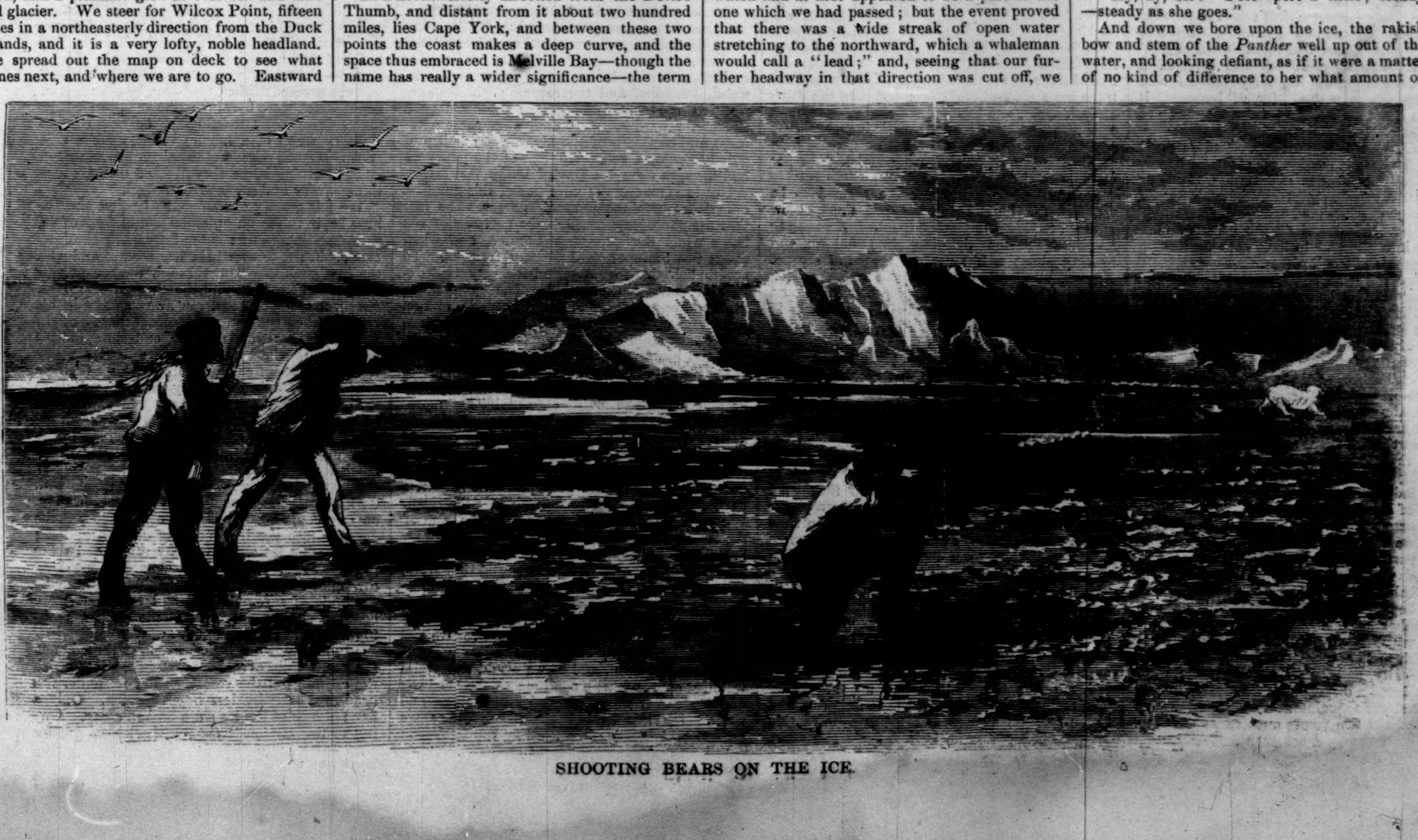
"Is there no opening any where?"

"None; but the ice looks weak on the port hand."

"Keep her for it, and put her in," roared the captain.

"Ay, ay, Sir! Port—port a little; steady—steady as she goes."

And down we bore upon the ice, the rakish bow and stem of the *Panther* well up out of the water, and looking defiant, as if it were a matter of no kind of difference to her what amount of



SHOOTING BEARS ON THE ICE.

ice lay before her. She looked as if she could crush it down, and trample on it, and ride over it rough-shod, and never wink until the affair was finished. Perhaps the captain's threat—seemingly made in earnest—to "put her through, or knock her bloody eyes out," may have had some effect upon her, and have inspired her with additional resolution.

We were soon so near the ice that the opening could be seen from the bridge, and the mate was called below. "Mind your helm, Mick," said the captain to the man at the wheel; "mind your helm."

And still on we went, on and on, still rushing toward the ice at full speed, the screw grinding fiercely, and making the ship tremble in every timber. It was soon too late to check her headway, even if the captain should have wanted to; to wheel round now was quite impossible. We braced ourselves for the shock that was coming; every man catching hold of something to steady himself with. The captain watched the point he wished to make ahead. "Port—port a little, Mick—steady."

Cr-r-r-r-ash—and there we are.

The solid iron cut-water of the *Panther* takes the ice, cuts into it, slides up on it, and crushes it down; the ship rides up again, and sinks, and buries herself one full length in the body of the floe; but still she is sliding up again, and crushing the ice further on, but going slower now; and then she stops and settles down to her proper level, and the groaning of the ice seems to be a cry of relief and satisfaction from the noble ship, which only wants a little breathing-time before she begins again. She isn't hurt—not in the least. Her masts are all standing right, her bows are sound as ever, her solid, iron-bound sides have not a scratch. Pretty well for a first beginning; and no one now doubts the *Panther's* ability for any thing. "Back astern," sung the captain; and we hauled out into clear water a hundred fathoms or so, and butted away into the opening we had made before. We ride over the broken ice; the cut-water strikes again; again we feel the ship going up forward; again she sinks and rises, and then she settles down again at rest. Then we go below, in great glee, to supper, and the captain tells the watch officer to "keep her at it;" and the screw, thumping against the ice that has come about the stern, is kept revolving, and the wedge-shaped *Panther* is pushing in between the floes, forcing them asunder.

When we come on deck again the crack is opening. The jar and steady pressure have had their effect; the floes have been set in motion, the crack widens, and we grind through into clear, open water.

This bold dash into the very teeth of the enemy saved us a wide detour, and brought us by a short cut into an extensive area of open water, which gave us a free passage northward as far as the eye could see. But still we had heavy floes on the starboard hand, which prevented us from hauling in, as we desired, close under Wilcox Point. We had, however, a fine view of the noble headland at a distance of five miles.

Running now along the edge of an old floe that lay to our right, all eyes were strained and all glasses were doing service in search of bears. Men were in the rigging and up aloft, yet we steamed on in the anxious hope of seeing the object of our search, without, however, being gratified. Meanwhile we opened Melville Bay, the tall spire of the Devil's Thumb coming in view exactly at midnight.

And such a midnight! The bright sun stood in the heavens before us but a little way above the horizon, glittering upon the icebergs and flinging gems broadcast upon the floes. The great glaciers that climbed up from the sea at the bend of the bay, until they were lost in a line of purple against a belt of golden light, reflected the brightness of this wonderful midnight from their glassy terraces; the cavernous old cape which towered above our heads was warmed and reddened by the glow; and upon the summit of the Devil's Thumb there fell and lingered a brilliant ray; and, as the lofty column rose there from out a vast cluster of icebergs, it seemed as if it were a church spire mounting to heaven above some nameless city.

My reveries were cut short by a cry of "Bears! bears!" The people swarmed up from below, and the deck was alive in an instant, every body shouting "Where?" And "Where? where?" rang through the ship loud enough, as one would think, to have frightened all the bears of Melville Bay into fits, and to have split an iceberg into all manner of small pieces.

But there were the bears, sure enough; and they appeared to be the very chaps we were looking for. They did not seem to be at all frightened, but stood their ground boldly, looking at us evidently with more curiosity than alarm. There were three of them, an old mother and two cubs. They were about three or four hundred yards distant from us, standing quite still, facing us, the mother in the middle, with a cub on either hand. They appeared to be an affectionate sort of family, and were a very odd sight as they stood upon the old ice-field, the only living things on that desolate waste. It seemed, indeed, a pity to disturb these strange denizens of the polar wilderness.

The steamer was stopped as quickly as possible, and we lay there watching them, and they us, both parties clearly endeavoring to make up their minds what the other was going to do. The bears probably did not see us—only the steamer—since we kept our heads as much as possible below the bulwarks; and whatever wind there was being from the north, they had not discovered an enemy with their noses. The steamer was but a black curiosity, and we were well pleased when they manifested a disposition for a nearer inspection and a closer acquaintance. The old mother led off, and the two young ones came shuffling along beside her, very slowly and cautiously, edging off, however, toward the vessel's stern, manifestly for the purpose of coming as far as possible around to the leeward of us. And here the ice favored the old bear's design, for a long tongue projected far out from the general line of the floe; and if they should reach the end of it they would be able to discover us, and they would be at the same time in a pretty trap of their own making. In this design we encouraged them by lying low at the suggestion of the captain. It did not seem to be in accordance with the rules of the hunt to allow your game to crawl around where he could wind you, and this it was, of course, within our power to prevent; but since the captain had the management of his own vessel, and knew what he could do with her, he became the master hunter by virtue of his office. "We'll get the whole lot of them now," said he, "if they only crawl along out on that point a little further." And he told the engineer to go ahead at half speed, and told Mick to shove his helm hard a-port. This action wheeled the *Panther* around upon her heel, and she now stood upon the dead waters facing the bears, who still, slowly and cautiously, were going out on the tongue of the old floe.

"Why, captain, what are you going to do now? The moment the bears wind us they will take off!" exclaimed an anxious hunter.

"But before they do," replied the captain, "I can cut in behind and head them."

"But the ice, the ice, man! You will surely not drive her into a floe like that?"

"That I will," said the captain, promptly; "drive her into an iceberg, if necessary."

So now it was the skill and strength of the *Panther* against the skill and fleetness of the bears.

Bears are not graceful animals in their movements. Their enormous legs are carried along as if they had no joints in them, and their immense feet are lifted as if they were mounted on snow-shoes. Their long, tapering neck is the only graceful thing about them.

I was particularly struck with the old mother's excessive caution. She would not come near, and yet she would not go away. Had she taken to her heels when she first discovered us he could, of course, have defied pursuit, for the ice-field was so extensive that we could never have overtaken her. But she seemed to be fascinated with the steamer, and her curiosity got the better of her discretion. It is not the first time that this same quality, inherent in all living creatures, has involved its possessor in trouble.

She moved along with most provoking deliberation. She appeared to be a well-fed bear, and probably had breakfasted recently, and felt lazy, for she did not once attempt to run, nor did she wade through the pools of water which were on the ice, but deliberately walked around them, as if indisposed even to wet her feet. Sometimes she would turn her back toward us, sometimes her front; often she would stop, stretch out her long neck and sniff the air all round, turning her head to right and left, throwing her nose as high up as she could get it, and then dropping it on the ice as if she might discover something there. Meanwhile the little ones were cutting all sorts of antics about her. Seeing that she was not alarmed, they were in great glee, evidently regarding the *Panther* as a very wonderful show, got up by their mother for their special benefit. They chased each other like a pair of kittens; raced round and round the old bear, rolled each other over on the ice, using their paws and teeth upon each other after the usual innocent and playful fashion natural to most dumb animals in the youthful state. They splashed the water right and left as they ran through the pools, and altogether they appeared to be a pair of very lively, very awkward, and highly delighted young bears, who regarded the present occasion as rather a jolly sort of entertainment.

It took this family party somewhere near half an hour to get around to where the old one wanted to be to satisfy herself as to whether the *Panther* was a friend or a foe. Once she seemed irresolute, and turned about as if she would retrace her steps and make off; but then she turned back again, and then for some minutes seemed to be dragged by two antagonistic impulses, first one way and then the other, with a general gain of force, however, on the string which drew her out toward the point of ice.

By-and-by she got where she seemed to be satisfied, for she suddenly stopped short, threw up her head, gave a tremendous snort, wheeling around at the same time in a state of alarm, and looking about as if for some means of escape. After a moment's reflection she took the back track. The alarm spread to the little ones, and the lively fellows ran around their mother as if they would inquire what the matter was, and if the show was over, and they were to have no more of it, while she seemed to be encouraging them by assurances that it was no great affair, but that it was necessary for them to use their legs as nimbly as possible, for they must get out of that. So their gambols were ended, and the little things whined piteously, and did their best. It was now not less amusing to watch them than before. In the confused state of their minds they grew utterly careless of what they were about, and they often sprang upon rotten places in the ice, and broke through, and by the time they had crawled out again the mother was some distance ahead, and was obliged to wait, and often to run back, if not actually to render assistance to her children, at least to encourage them. As for herself, she could readily have escaped; and she appeared to be quite conscious of the fact; but she would not leave her young; her devotion to them was indeed touching and worthy of all admiration.

Meanwhile the *Panther* had not been idle. The moment the old bear got the wind of us, and began to show symptoms of alarm, the captain rang his bell, "Ahead, full speed." The screw began to revolve, and at the top of her speed she bore down upon the ice to cut off the bears' retreat.

This was the captain's plan from the beginning, and it now became a mere question of time; though on the *Panther's* part, besides, there was a question of strength and power.

We came upon the ice as before with a grand rush and a grand crash. We struck what appeared to be the weakest spot. The shock was worse than any thing we had yet felt, the ice being firmer than before; but the solid iron cut-water opened her way into it as formerly, and she rode up on it and crushed it down, and rode up again and settled once more; and in the conflict every body was very uneasy on his legs. The jar made lively work in the pantry, where the cabin-boy had retired when he had shouted "bergs" instead of bears, and, quite exhausted by the effort, had fallen fast asleep there, and was aroused by the soup-tureen coming down and landing, bottom up, on the crown of his head, which nearly cracked his skull, but saved the crockery, and in a measure woke up the young man. "Blob," who was standing beside the combings of the main hatch, making a sketch of the bears, turned a somersault into the coal-hole, spoiling his picture completely. Otherwise no damage was done; but the ruse was altogether successful, as the captain had anticipated; for the force of the shock started the ice, and a crack opened right through in front of us to the water on the other side. The point to which the bears had gone was thus broken from the main body of the floe, and the game was now on a raft, and at our mercy.

The crack, opening very rapidly before the steady pressure of the vessel, gave us a free passage through, and seeing themselves thus headed off, and the steamer bearing down across their line of retreat, they took the back track and ran across to the opposite side, behind us, thus compelling us to wheel about and return through the crack. By the time we had accomplished this the bears had taken the water with the intention of swimming to the solid floe; but here we again anticipated them, and they wheeled about again, and swam back toward the ice which they had left but a few moments before. Putting the helm a-starboard, we now came directly in upon their wake, and when within fifty yards of them slackened speed.

At this moment they presented a magnificent sight, their beautiful long hair waving gracefully in the clear blue water, and the round, buoyant bodies of the now thoroughly frightened animals floating along swiftly toward the ice and hoped-for safety. The tender regard of the mother for her offspring was here as strikingly apparent as when on the ice. She would not abandon them; but, on the contrary, the nearer we approached the more she stuck by and encouraged them, still, as before, with one on either side. Once she invited them to dive, and, imitating her example, the three went down together and paddled themselves along for some distance about twenty feet below the surface, where we could easily see them striking out for dear life. When they came up we gave them a volley from our rifles, and the old mother and one of the cubs lay lifeless upon the water.

The other cub, by some mischance, escaped with only a slight scratch, and reached the floe, where, as he rose, another ball entered his side and sent him off, with a mortal wound, whining piteously. The captain now jammed his steamer into the ice, and clambering down over the bobstays gave chase. The bear soon stooped and hid himself behind a hommock, and when the captain came up he was disposed to make fight. His whine was converted into a defiant growl, and he charged his pursuer; but a well-aimed shot brought the game down and completed the hunt.

It only remained now to get the animals aboard, to weigh and measure them, to award the skins to the rifles which had given them death-wounds. This last was no easy matter; but finally, after much discussion and some rather animated assertions, such as usually take place on like occasions, the award was finally made to Lockwood, Benedict, and the captain; which done, we tied up to an iceberg that promised us a chance for watering ship, and, after the excitement and exposure of the night, were well prepared to enjoy a good breakfast of the game we had brought from the Duck Islands.

Not least among the novelties of this our first experience with the unusual sport was the fact that the photographers took the portraits of the bears while they were on the ice, and when about two hundred yards distant from us. To accomplish this feat required the very first degree of enterprise and skill. The camera was stationed upon the top-gallant forecastle, and an instantaneous impression was obtained by means of a falling slide with small aperture, while both ship and bears were in motion. The brightness of the light, of course, greatly favored the success of this altogether novel experiment in the photographic art. The artists (Mr. John Dunmore, of Boston, and Mr. George Critchersen, of Worcester) deserve great praise for their successful accomplishment of so difficult a feat.

Casting off from the iceberg next day, we set out to look for further game, steaming up in a northeasterly direction through a wide lead. Presently we saw something dark on the edge of the ice, and soon made it out to be a seal, a very large one, of the barbed species. We knew from former experience how very wild they were, and slacking our speed, we approached cautiously. At first he appeared to be asleep, dozing lazily in the warm sun; but if so, the noise of the steamer awoke him, and he grew restive and alarmed. Evidently he was not to be caught as the bears had been, and if we would shoot him we must approach with caution; so the headway of the steamer was slackened still further, and we all lay low behind the bulwarks, as we glided slowly along, thus stalking the animal in a somewhat unusual fashion. But he was too old to be cheated, and when still near two rifle-shots away he threw up head and tail, and floundered into the water. Then he swam off, and brought his almost human-looking face above the surface within twenty yards of us, then took a deliberate look at us, and before a rifle could be aimed he had apparently satisfied himself, for he turned himself heels over head, and with a terrific splash disappeared to be seen no more.

This little incident would not be worth naming, since it was an entirely unsuccessful feat of hunting, had it not been that at the very moment the seal disappeared from the ice, an immense bear sprang out from behind a ridge of hommocks, along which he had evidently been crawling, stalking the very same seal that we were stalking. We had clearly robbed the brute of his breakfast, and he appeared to be more disgusted with the circumstance than alarmed by us. Yet he was not quite so unsuspicious as the bears we had before encountered. He was the largest bear I ever saw, and we wanted him badly. He looked perfectly splendid as he stood there upon the floe. The moment he saw the *Panther* he came to a dead stand, and made no further movement than to turn his head first to one side and then to the other, in a sort of measured oscillation. There was evidently upon his mind a feeling of irresolution that was constantly increasing; yet it did not seem as if he was willing to own to himself that he was afraid, until the steamer, coming in contact quite unavoidably with a piece of ice, made a considerable crash, which settled the bear into a suspicion that we were hardly to be trusted. He wheeled suddenly round on his hind-legs, like a horse wheeling in play in the pasture, made a most magnificent bound across a pool of water, and then took himself off quite leisurely, turning his head back over his shoulder with every step, to have a further look at us. Occasionally he would give a snort, attended with an extra leap, and then go waddling on again at the same stiff-legged and snow-shoe pace as before described in the case of the other bears which we had before pursued and captured. But for all he had still clearly some lingering doubts of the *Panther's* hostile disposition, and allowing this feeling to get the better of him he came to a dead stand, and squared himself round to have a better look at us; then he advanced a few paces, stopped, and fixed his gaze upon us steadily. Meanwhile the *Panther* lay still upon the waters, and seemed to have her eye upon him, and the two stood, as if trying to stare each other out of countenance, for some minutes. The bear seemed at length to be getting charmed, for he advanced a hundred yards or so with the greatest coolness and deliberation; and then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, or had got something suddenly in his nose, he wheeled short around as before, on his hind-legs, took a huge leap and the back track again.

To look at the animal now, and watch all his antics, one would think him as mad as a March hare. He turned first to the right and then to the left, after he had gone a little way, and then he began to move up and down in front of us, like a sentry on post, acting very deliberately all the while, poking out his head and drawing it in again like a turtle, elevating his nose as high as he could, and then depressing it again close down upon the ice, occasionally stopping short and looking at the *Panther* sideways.

All of these manœuvres, it must be understood, were for the special benefit of the *Panther*, for we on board of her were closely hidden behind the bulwarks, with nothing but our eyes exposed. Up to this time it was clear enough that the bear had not been seriously frightened. Like the others, he was in some doubt and uncertainty about the meaning of the dark object, and was filled with curiosity. We had, therefore, great hopes that he would become reconciled to the *Panther*, and be inclined to closer acquaintance. It is not an uncommon thing for a bear in Melville Bay to leave the ice, and swim off to a vessel. I have seen two deliberately come alongside the brig *Advance*, attracted thither, no doubt, by the smell of bones which were burning in the galley—a whaleman's device for attracting the bears. But the sight or smell of a human being, or of a dog, alarms them at once, and they instantly make off. In the burning bones they find, no doubt, something savory and suggestive of food.

We felt greatly encouraged when we saw the bear begin to march up and down in front of us, as if standing guard; but unfortunately the *Panther* could not forever hold her breath, and with the first gush of steam through the escape-pipe old Bruin bounded up in the air as if possessed, gave a fierce snort, and ran away as fast as his legs would carry him; and in order that he might make the best time possible, and show off his points to the best advantage, we fired a volley from our rifles after him, without the least hope or chance of doing him any damage, owing to the great distance. He did not now pause until he was a good quarter of a mile away from us, when he faced round once more, seemed to bestow upon us an approving nod, and then, with much deliberation, made for the opposite side of the floe, where we now busied our minds with devising ways and means of reaching him. But no way could we see but once more to put the *Panther* into the ice—no very difficult matter; but here the ice was unusually thick, and there did not appear to be much chance of breaking through it. To go around the floe was to make a circuit of several miles, and long before we could reach the point for which the bear was making he would be far enough away.

Running down a little way, near the edge of the floe, we discovered a narrow spot, into which the captain put the vessel, as before, under full headway, but with less happy results. Only a few fathoms of the ice were broken away. Owing to this circumstance the shock was greater than on either of the former occasions; but, nothing daunted, the captain backed her out and put her in, and backed her out and put her in four successive times, and was rewarded in the end by starting a crack, through which the steamer was forced.

We were now in the same lead for which the bear was making, and we could with our glasses still see him upon the ice, though very near the water, which by this time he could readily have reached had he done his best. We bore down upon him with all possible haste. Presently he disappeared. He had taken the water, and was making for the opposite ice, which was very solid, and was held firm and fast by a great number of icebergs, which were embedded in it. If he once reached this the game was up.

The second mate was sent aloft, and detected him in the water making for a point which, instead of being low and flat, as is usual, was rough and hommocky. The *Panther* made for this point also, with the view of cutting off his retreat. This once accomplished, the bear was, of course, ours. Seeing our purpose, the animal, now evidently in a great state of terror, swam away for dear life, making a splendid spectacle of himself as he floated along with his nose only above the surface, and was clearly in much the condition of the soldiers who swam the river from the battle of Ball's Bluff—he was not hurt, but fearfully demoralized.

We were only about sixty yards away when he reached the point, and we now felt sure of him. We had not succeeded in cutting off his line of retreat, but we had come within easy range; and since the vessel was forging ahead, we should be almost atop of the animal by the time he got out of the water. The *Panther* was going fairly for the ice, and we were all ready to fire the moment he showed himself. But the fellow fooled us. The rough hommocked ice of the point hid from our view a bight on the opposite side, into which the bear swam for safety; and now, thoroughly sheltered behind the ice for which we were making, he was clearly getting the better of us. With that quickness of perception characteristic of the skillful sailor, the captain grasped the situation, and, seeing that to round the point was to lose the bear for certain, he shouted to the man at the wheel to put his helm hard a-port, which caused us to bring up with a terrific crash against the ice some distance from the point, and where the ice was comparatively thin. The moment the ship struck and buried herself a little the captain let himself down by a rope from the cat-head, and, followed by two other rifles, ran over the floe toward the head of the bight for which the bear was making, but not in time to intercept him. He reached the ice, and drew his enormous body out of the water a hundred yards from the riflemen, and bounded away with the speed of the wind, not stopping even long enough to shake himself of the great quantity of water in his long hair. Every body fired at him, of course, but none of our balls took effect; at least none of them produced any impression upon his speed. The captain thought he saw blood, and kept up the race for half a mile, hoping to see him drop or halt, as the one he had chased before, mortally wounded; but the animal was soon out of sight among the icebergs, and our eagerly coveted game was gone.

We were all much chagrined by this mishap. Every man had regarded him as his own particular prize, and felt quite sure of him. We had even taken the measurement of his skin and the weight of his body. One was going to have his skin spread out for a mat, with his head stuffed and his paws on. Another was going to drive four-in-hand in the Park, and have him for a sleigh-robe; another was going to sell him for two hundred and fifty dollars currency, and he knew where to place the article; but all these bright anticipations came to a most lamentable conclusion when the bear carried off his own skin in his own four-in-hand fashion.

We were soon consoled for this disappointment by another alarm of "Bears!" It came from the look-out up aloft, and was answered with a universal "Where away?" which was answered in turn by the most satisfactory assurance that they were down on the extreme point of a long, narrow floe, and were apparently easily accessible. They were three in number. We bore down upon them without delay, the man aloft coursing the ship, until they were seen from the deck, when the captain, as usual, gave his own orders.

The ice upon which the bears were proved this time to be very thin and rotten, as was evidenced by the fact that the animals frequently broke through. They could not, therefore, travel very fast if they should become frightened; and then, besides, as we came nearer to them we perceived that, no matter how fast they might travel, there was but little chance of their escaping us, for in whatever direction they might attempt to go we could follow them; and when in the water they would be easily overtaken, as they would have at least a quarter of a mile to swim before reaching another floe.

The *Panther* tore through the ice this time without difficulty; and she actually broke the ice up with such facility, and approached the bears with such rapidity, that they were almost dropped into the water—at least a crack was forced open ahead of us, almost underneath the bears' feet. They took to it immediately, and we almost ran over them. As we approached we might have shot them very easily; but the photographers were crazy for a chance at them, and seeing that there was no possibility of their escape, we sacrificed our impatience in the interest of art.

The bears having swam a little while, crawled up once more on the ice. By this time we had wheeled round, and the photographers had a fine chance at them. At length they were satisfied. The "Colonel" put his head out of the window of his shop, and shouted, "I'm done with them, gentlemen."

By this time the bears had taken the water again.

We made short work of cutting through a tongue of ice which intervened; and coming upon the animals as they swam, we ceased playing with them as a cat plays with a mouse before swallowing it, and at thirty yards gave them a volley, and three more bears were added to our trophies. The carcasses were soon hoisted on deck, and we then steered for Wilcox Point, without, however, seeing any bears by the way. Then we headed in for the Devil's Thumb, and discovering a moderately firm floe, which seemed to be held in its position by some grounded icebergs, we steered for it, run the *Panther* a hundred yards into it, and proceeded to let our six prizes down on the ice, where we soon had the skins off, some for specimens, and some for robes and mats—each one who was the fortunate possessor of a skin following the bent of his fancy in the matter.

We remained several days in the vicinity of the Devil's Thumb; and if we caught no more bears, we had ample reason for feeling well rewarded. Probably no vessel had ever been so near the Thumb as we were, and although our situation was one of some peril, we did not feel justified in losing the opportunity so auspiciously presented to us. We climbed the hills all round, and every where we went we discovered numerous traces of reindeer, but we did not succeed in finding any of the animals themselves. There can be no doubt that they exist there in considerable numbers, and had we followed them inland it is equally certain that we would have found any number of them. But for an enterprise of that description we had not sufficient time to stay—or, rather, the threatening nature of the ice, and the uncertainty of our situation, made it important that all hands should be at least within signaling distance, that we might steam out from underneath the Devil's Thumb upon the first threat of danger.

To climb the Thumb we found to be impossible, but we reached its base, and from there—an elevation of 1300 feet, according to my barometer—we overlooked one of the most remarkable scenes that ever met the eye of man. Such a wilderness of ice, such a forest of icebergs, such boundless desolation, would be difficult to describe, or to be appreciated except by the actual observer. Let me, in a mechanical sort of way, make the attempt to convey to the reader's mind some idea of this remarkable scene.

The Devil's Thumb is an island—at least, without actually sailing round it in my boat (being prevented by the ice), there were such indications as to make it certain that, if not an island, it is connected with the main land only by a very low and narrow isthmus. It lies at the head of a deep bay, and is from five to eight miles long, by from three to five wide. The Thumb itself is on the further side from the sea, and is about six hundred feet high above its base, rising like a church spire, and as abruptly. Down into the bay, to the north and east from the island, come two great glaciers, one about twelve miles wide, the other about three. These glaciers climbed up steadily, or descended, I should rather say, between the coast mountains in steady streams, which, joining together, and with others to the north and south of them, form a long level line against the sky, and this is the summit of the great icy sea—the *mer de glace*—which covers the whole length and breadth of the Greenland continent, and which, from its exhaustless bed, sends down through every valley opening to Baffin Bay such streams as these. And these streams send off into the sea the icebergs, which are but trifling fragments of the glacier itself.

The icebergs coming from these two glaciers about the Devil's Thumb were altogether countless. They filled up the whole north side of the bay, and extended out to sea for miles. The time of my visit was near midnight, and with a clear, bright sun illuminating the scene, scattering every where its splendors, I could but wish for something better than a simple note-book and the use of words to embody an idea of the view before me. An artist alone, with his pallet and his pencil, could convey any proper effect of it. My feeble powers of sketching were exhausted with the effort herewith accompanying. "Blob" might have done better, but no amount of persuasion could induce him to climb a hill marked in the devil's name. Of all the situations of the cruise, this view was the finest beyond comparison, and to see it was enough to repay one for all the trouble and vexation and hazard of a dozen such voyages. We missed a photograph of it for the same reason we missed "Blob's" sketch—a fearful superstition. Had it been called "The Pillar of the Church," instead of "The Devil's Thumb," the whole cabin mess would have climbed it willingly.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MARKED FOR THE KNIFE.

ABOUT two years before the startling revelations respecting the dissecting trade in Edinburgh had placed the legal supply of "subjects" upon its present satisfactory footing, there occurred to my elder brother, at that time a delicate boy of about fourteen, a singular adventure, involving such a shock to his nerves as, the doctors believed, very much hastened his death, which occurred in less than a year after it.

We then resided in a large white house, with a row of poplars in front, close to one of our canals. Within a stone's-throw of our hall door was a lock and a lock-house, and then followed, in the London direction, one of the longest and most solitary levels to be met with in the United Kingdom.

The canal, at a point about seventy yards from the lock, makes a slight deflection. The consequence is, that neither the lock nor our house is visible from the long, straight level that follows, and which is closely fenced between tall hedges and old trees.

My brother had been ordered walking exercise, and my father generally appointed the path beside the level I have described for his walk. The traffic, never very active, was, at that time, in a state little better than extinct. Not more than two or three boats passed in a day, and chiefly, owing to its perfect quietude, it had been chosen for the walk of our solitary invalid.

It was now summer, and the hour of his daily walk was from five to seven; the earlier hours of the afternoon being pronounced too hot for exercise.

On the evening in question he set out alone. His usual walk was to a point two miles up the level, where there was a stone block, on which he used to sit and rest a little before setting out for home.

While he was taking his ease on this stone bench, and listlessly looking up and down the long and deserted reach of water, there emerged, a few hundred yards to his left, from a sequestered path, a singular figure, which approached slowly and passed him by, with only the narrow tow-path between them. It was moving in the direction of our home, and was that of an emaciated man, with a complexion dark as very old box-wood, limping, as it seemed, painfully, very much stooped, and with a big angular hump upon his back. His hair was long and sooty-black, he had prominent dark eyes, under thick black brows, and his face and chin were stubbled with a week's growth of beard. He was leaning heavily on a long stick, and walked with a kind of hitch, which resembled a spasm, and gave one the idea that each step was accompanied by a separate sting of pain.

The face of this man expressed extreme weakness and suffering, and might almost be that of a man dragging himself away, with a mortal wound, to some spot where he might lie down and die in quiet.

He had a long and heavy bottle-green coat, which had grown to be, indeed, a coat of many colors; for over the threadbare and greasy ground it was overlaid, with fantastic and extraordinary industry, with a tesselation of patches, of every imaginable color, in which yellow, and red, and blue, and black were discernible, under a varnish of grease, and toned with a variety of dirt; and even these patches were patched again, and had broken here and there into rents and fissures, and bunches of shreds and tatters. Round his body was buckled a broad discolored leathern strap, and he wore a wide-leafed felt hat, with a rather conical crown, brown and grimed by time and ill treatment.

This figure, with long gaiters of rabbit-skin, and shapeless "brogues," limped past my brother without taking the slightest notice of him; and uttering now and then a short groan, as if of suppressed pain, he excited the wonder, and in some degree the compassion of the boy.

He watched the progress of this man, who was moving with great difficulty, and with many halts, in the direction of our home. It was not until he had got on nearly a quarter of a mile that my brother got up, now quite rested, to follow in the same direction.

As this strange, crooked man with the stick got on, he appeared to grow more and more exhausted, and at length he tottered into a little recess at the edge of the path, and fell helplessly on his side among the bushes.

The boy quickened his pace, and as he approached the spot he passed the head of a narrow lane, in which he saw a donkey and cart standing. The cart had in it, upon some straw, a piece of old carpet, from under which emerged some folds of coarse canvas, like a part of an old sack; but he could not see any one in charge of this conveyance, though, being anxious to obtain help, he called repeatedly.

Despairing of succor, he went on, and reached the point where he had seen the man fall. Here he found him. He had crept a little farther in among the bushes. He was supporting himself feebly on the ground upon his elbow, his eyes turned up as if he were on the point of swooning, and he moaned faintly.

The boy's courage almost failed him; but the sick man seemed to perceive him, turned his eyes upon him imploringly, and extending his hand toward him, so evidently signaled for aid that my brother could not help drawing near.

The fainting man then told him, in a whisper, that if he would take his hand and draw him gently toward him, he would perhaps be able to turn himself a little, to his great relief.

My brother did give him his hand accordingly, and the fainting man, instead of taking it, seized his arm above the elbow, with a gigantic hand, in a gripe like a vice, and jerking him under, sprang over him, thrusting his other arm round and beneath him, so as to pinion him fast. He had carried in his hand the end of the belt which he had removed from around his own body while waiting for his prey, and with a dexterity acquired, no doubt, by long practice, in a moment, with the now disengaged hand, he drew it and buckled it round the boy's arms and body at a single jerk, with a pressure so powerful that he could scarcely breathe, much less disengage his arms.

In another moment, with his knee on the boy's chest, and one broad hand placed right across his mouth so as to stifle his screams effectually, he hitched round what had seemed to be his hump, but what proved to be, in fact, a bundle, from which, with the other hand, he took out, with the quickness and neatness of a skilled manipulator, two things: one a sort of cushion about eight inches square, covered with chamois-leather—I have that horrible relic, no doubt intended to aid in the process of suffocation, still in my possession; the other was the renowned pitch-plaster.

My brother had not an idea what he intended, for the disclosures in Edinburgh had not yet enlightened and terrified people of all ages throughout England.

The miscreant kept his face close to his victim's, with his powerful eyes fixed on his. His dark lean features and long beak, and the thick hair that hung forward like a sooty plumage round them, and the long sinewy neck that arched over my poor brother as he lay at his assailant's mercy, gave him, in the fascinated gaze of the boy, the appearance of a monstrous bird of prey.

I dare say this ghoul had an actual power, such as many men are said to possess, of controlling the springs of action, mental and bodily, by some occult power of the eye. To my brother it seemed that it needed a perpetual and desperate struggle of will to prevent a frightful trance from stealing over him.

For a moment the wretch's hand was slightly raised from the boy's mouth. He intended, no doubt, at this instant to introduce the pitch-plaster, which was to stop both mouth and nostrils. But my brother, now struggling frantically, uttered two piercing yells, which compelled the murderer to replace his hand before he had accomplished his purpose. He was evidently now transported with fury. Up to this he had been operating as methodically as a spider. He looked so fiendish that my brother fancied he would cut his throat, or otherwise dispatch him at the moment.

His plans, however, were different. He had no idea of losing sight of his interests, much less of his safety. No principle of his nefarious trade was better established than the absolute necessity of leaving no trace of actual violence upon the persons of his victims. Even the knee with which he held his prey was padded so carefully that this young boy's breast did not exhibit the slightest contusion, although so long under a pressure which held him at the verge of suffocation.

Rapidly, and with more success, the villain again essayed his final sleight. One dreadful yell escaped, and the deadly pitch-plaster was fixed on mouth and nose, and another sound or respiration became impossible.

The leafy bushes above and about him, the figure, the face of the spectre, began to swim before his eyes. He saw the man, still on his knees, rise with a start and pause, with eyes askance, and his dark hand to his ear. In the next instant he had disappeared.

In his struggles the boy now rolled from the lair in which he had been attacked into the clear light upon the open path, where he lay perfectly insensible.

When consciousness returned, which was not for some minutes, three men were about him, drenching his head with water, and all endeavoring to extract a word of explanation; but for long after he could not speak a syllable, nor, for some time, even hear distinctly what they said.

Not a moment was lost, so soon as he was able to describe what had happened, in directing pursuit, wherever any results were the least likely. All my brother could say as to the point toward which the assassin had directed his flight was that, as his sight failed, he thought, though very indistinctly, he saw him pass away obliquely in the direction of the lane in which he had observed the donkey-cart.

It must have belonged to an accomplice, who was there by arrangement. Every thing had been prepared to carry away the body of the poor fellow, which would have been secured in the sack, enveloped in the carpet, and covered with straw, and thus secreted in some lonely lock-up yard, until, at dead of night, it would have been conveyed to the dissecting-room. The boy's hat thrown upon the water would have turned inquiry off the scent, and induced delay.

The strap, still buckled with cruel force about the poor fellow's arms and ribs, the chamois cushion I have mentioned, and the pitch-plaster fixed over the lower part of his face, were the only "properties" of the villain left to indicate his visit.

The cool old assassin had carried off every other trace of his presence, and he and his comrade, taking the donkey-cart with them, had decamped with a celerity, and managed their disguise with an art which, as matters then were, and with a full hour's start, had baffled pursuit.

No doubt, with the police force now at our command, the result might have been different. As it was, no clew whatever was discovered; and this was positively marvelous, considering the marked peculiarities of dress and of person that belonged to the culprit. The persons best acquainted with the ways of our criminals at that period were of opinion that the strange details of the dress, the gait, the hair, the complexion, and the distortion of the figure, were parts of an elaborate piece of masquerading.

There was some controversy as to the object of the projected crime. It was not until the terrific exposure at Edinburgh had made all the world horribly familiar with the machinery of that peculiar species of murder that all debate upon the matter ceased, and the pitch-plaster was accepted as conclusive evidence that the body was intended for sale to the surgeons.

No doubt these poachers on a great scale were thoroughly skilled in all the finesse and strategy of their contraband art. The regularity of my poor brother's solitary walk, its favorable hour, and the easy suggestion of drowning as the cause of his disappearance, had all been noted, and the enterprise was, as I have told you, very nearly accomplished, when an unexpected interruption saved him.

My brother was ailing at the time this dreadful attempt was made upon his life. He survived it little more than ten months, and the able physician who attended him referred his death to the awful shock which his system had received.